

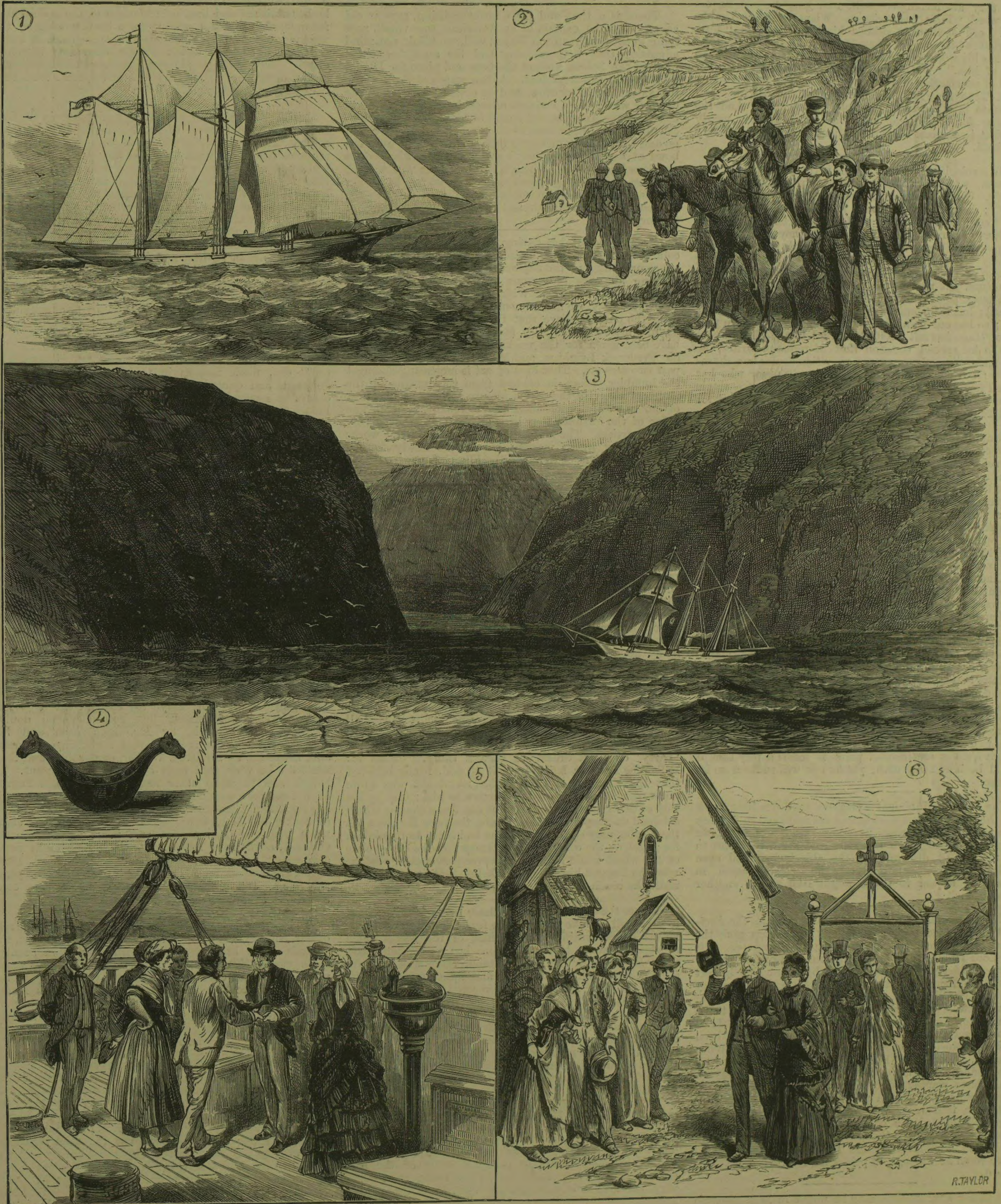
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1885.

TWO SIXPENCE.  
WHOLE SHEETS By Post, 6d.



1. The Sunbeam, Sir T. Brassey's steam-yacht.
2. Mr. Gladstone's walk to see the Vöringsvoss.
3. The Sunbeam steaming up the Sogne Fjord.

4. Ancient Norwegian beer-bowl presented to Mr. Gladstone.
5. Norwegian farmers of Aurland presenting the bowl to Mr. Gladstone on board the Sunbeam.
6. Mr. Gladstone returning from church at Odde, Hardanger Fjord.

MR. GLADSTONE IN NORWAY.



## OUR NOTEBOOK

We are glad to see that a new volume of poetry will be shortly published by Lord Tennyson. It is rare, indeed, for the noble gift he possesses to retain its power so long. The strength of Coleridge was exhausted in a few years, and Wordsworth's finest work was produced within a very limited period; but the Laureate has proved in quite recent days, by "Rizpah," by "The Revenge," and by that touching poem "In the Children's Hospital," that the spell with which he won hearts forty years ago is as potent as ever. More than one so-called "complete edition" of Lord Tennyson's works has been published, but they are incomplete still, and long may it be ere the word "Finis" is written. When the poet Crabbe died Lord Melbourne rubbed his hands, saying, "I am so glad when one of these fellows dies, because then one has his works complete on one's shelf, and there is an end of him." We may safely predict that that peculiar kind of satisfaction will never be felt by anyone for whom Lord Tennyson has widened the gates of life, and given to it a larger significance and beauty. And the number for whom he has done this includes nearly all that is choicest in the manhood and womanhood of England.

As a rule, literature, no doubt, is the worst paid of professions; while of all forms of literature the worst paid is poetry. We know what Milton received for "Paradise Lost"; how Goldsmith said, truly enough, that poetry had found him poor, and kept him so; how Otway and Chatterton starved upon it; how Southey gained £3 for an epic; how Wordsworth said his receipts for verse would not pay for his shoe-leather; and how there are living poets of no mean order whose works, while charming men of culture, put nothing into their authors' purses. In most cases, poetry, like virtue, is its own exceeding great reward; but Scott gained from it material advantages as well; so has our great Laureate; and now we learn that Victor Hugo has left £200,000 behind him. When a poet adds to his special vocation that of romance-writer, he may make as much money as a provision dealer or a share-broker; but it is rare indeed to find an author who has gained fortune as well as fame without writing a single volume in prose. That distinction has been reserved for Lord Tennyson.

It appears likely that London will shortly be without an opera-house. Covent-Garden Theatre, the ancient home of the lyric drama, is, it is said, doomed to demolition, in the interest of the enlargement of the vegetable market; while the authorities of the Post Office are in treaty for the purchase of Her Majesty's Theatre, in the Haymarket, for a district parcel and post dépôt. Covent-Garden Theatre—not, of course, the present building, which was opened in 1858—has existed in some form ever since 1662, when Charles II. granted a patent to Sir William Davenant, whose company, then performing in Lincoln's-inn-fields, was denominated the "Duke's Servants," as a compliment to the Duke of York, afterwards James II. A chequered career has Covent-Garden had since it was opened by Rich in 1732, having been the scene of the first appearance of the infant Roscius, of the murder of Miss Reay, of the first introduction of horses on a theatrical stage, of the farewell performance of the great Mrs. Siddons, and of the first London season of Italian opera. It has been, and will be again, a circus; farce, comedy, drama, and concerts have been performed there, and Kemble, Macready, Madame Vestris, G. F. Cooke, and Munden have played there. It has witnessed two riots, one of which was serious, and has been burnt down twice. It has always been an unlucky house, and though from a sentimental point it seems a pity that it should be done away with, yet no one will suffer from its absence.

The French Municipal Delegates sent over here to see how the hospitals and workhouses are managed in London seem to have found much to admire and imitate in our manner of dealing with the sick, and much to admire in our method of discouraging the able-bodied and even feeble-bodied pauper: to imitate the latter, however, in Paris they appear to think might lead to yet another Revolution.

The memorial tribute to Lord Houghton in the *Fortnightly Review* contains a statement which has gone the round of the press, but which cannot be accurate. It is that Lord Houghton obtained the laureateship for Tennyson upon the death of Wordsworth by making Sir Robert Peel, then Prime Minister, acquainted with "Locksley Hall" and "Ulysses." Unfortunately, at the period of Wordsworth's death, Sir Robert Peel had ceased to be Premier for four years. The story may apply to Lord John Russell, who, if left to himself, would have been quite capable of bestowing the laurel on the Whig laureates, Moore and Rogers, if they had been but a little younger. It is impossible, however, that Tennyson should have wanted advocates; and it has been stated that his promotion was in part due to her Majesty's partiality for that truly womanly poem, "The Lord of Burleigh." There are evident tokens in Leigh Hunt's correspondence that he thought that he ought to have had the laurel, a claim he could hardly have expected to prefer when he was sent to prison for libelling the Prince Regent.

A minor anachronism may be noted in Mrs. Linton's interesting autobiographic novel, "Christopher Kirkland." Christopher is represented as differing from his father, before leaving the latter's house, about "The Vestiges of Creation." This agrees well with the chronology of the tale. But we are also informed that the pair disputed at the same time over Dr. Whewell's "Plurality of Worlds," which did not appear until eleven years afterwards.

As the great metropolitan improvements are progressing, and the handsome thoroughfare through Seven Dials and Soho is in course of construction, the antiquary will recall the origin of the name Greek-street, and in his search will fall upon the traces of this title. In the reign of Charles II. the colony of Greek merchants was great in London, and permission was given to erect a church for their own use, which was accordingly done. As years passed on this old Greek church became known to us as St. Mary's, Soho, situated in one of the worst parts of Soho. It was here that the Rev. J. Chambers carried on a great work, and the strangers who penetrated into these thickly populated regions, where poverty and dirt reigned triumphant, were much interested in seeing the Greek inscription which still remained over the doorway to the church, in one of the narrowest alleys of that locality. Among the improvements of late years, a new St. Mary's Church has sprung up on the old site, with schools and clergy house attached; but there is still an historical interest attached to the spot.

There is a time and place for everything, says an old adage. But the captain of an American war-vessel, now lying in the Southampton Water, will, we think, not mind admitting that early morning and the most frequented part of the Solent are not the time and place for letting off fully-charged torpedoes. At this season of the year the bay swarms with whiting, and is covered with the boats of those who make a business of catching them. One day last week the Americans engaged in torpedo practice miscalculated the distance one of their submarine mines would go and the direction it would take. It exploded near the bows of one of her Majesty's ships, and might have done a serious injury; but, although it threw up a vast volume of water, and killed a great many fish, no real harm was done, and the American captain apologised fully to the commander of the other vessel for the close proximity of the torpedo.

A contemporary has during the past week published a collection of letters from artists and others connected with art complaining of the depression in their profession, and alleging all sorts of reasons and explanations for the existing state of things. Without entering definitely into the controversy, we might mention that it will be hard to make the public believe that things are very bad in the picture market when they recall the prices reported to have been given for the works of Sir J. Everett Millais, Sir Frederick Leighton, and Mr. Orchardson, during the past two seasons. That love of art is increasing amongst the humbler classes is evident from the returns of the numbers who visit the public picture galleries, while most of our successful tradesmen and merchants spend a fine share of the fortunes they have amassed in paintings by modern artists. The majority of the most popular works exhibited by living masters are in the newly formed private collections of the upper middle classes.

There has lately been waging, amongst dramatic authors and their critics, a controversy on the subject of "enforced collaboration." Certain it is that actors and theatrical managers have suddenly become authors; but, unlike those of the past, have generally arranged to write their works in collaboration. Say the critics to these scribes: You are ruining dramatic literature; collaboration crushes individuality; without individuality there can be no lasting art, and little interesting literature. Dramatic authors have manfully replied that the knowledge, experience, and technical education of the professional, instead of harming the work, has assisted it vastly; and here at present the matter rests. But the question raised is by no means a new one, simply being a further extenuation of the old cry—the tyranny of capital over genius.

Nothing is more difficult sometimes than to trace effect to cause, our good fortune (if we ever have any) to its origin, to its originator. And yet some good soul may all the while be chuckling self-complacently over us, and saying: "I was the fairy; alone I did it, though the 'party' does not dream of such a thing." Thus M. Félix, the Parisian hairdresser, it is said, firmly believed that the Empress Eugénie, who no doubt was quite unaware of the fact, owed her crown to him: that by his way of doing her hair he brought out those charms which subdued an Emperor. At any rate, the poor Empress, on the whole, may consider that she had little to thank him for; and, on the other hand, we know that the blue-bottle on the wheel made a little, however pardonable, mistake when he hugged himself in the belief that it was he who made the coach to run so merrily.

Before the date for closing the "Inventions" arrives, it were well to take time by the forelock and devise some means of preventing a recurrence of the scene which shocked so many humane persons last year when, after the "Healtheries" had been closed, there was a fearful spectacle of famine, starvation, and fighting for dear life among the poor rats, that had a good time for a while and then suddenly found themselves, by no fault of their own, on the parish, and yet unable to obtain either outdoor or indoor relief. To distribute handbills among them, warning them of the imminent closure, would probably lead to nothing but a litter of paper: perhaps an oral communication by the mouths of a few "varmint dawgs" would be more effectual. Something, at any rate, should be done.

The Australian papers describe a remarkable fraud which has been practised on a large scale in Victoria. Attention has been drawn to the great extent of the lands coloured yellow as auriferous in the official map, and to the fact that they comprise some of the best land in the colony, auriferous soils being in general very poor. The explanation is that these lands have hitherto been in the occupation of squatters; who have caused dummy mines to be sunk in them to prevent their being appropriated by permanent settlers, auriferous soils being exempt from claim, except for mining purposes. In some counties, it is stated, not one fourth of the land coloured in the Government chart as gold-bearing really is so; and very fallacious inferences are liable to be drawn as to the mineral resources of the colony.

In spite of the plethora of silver which fills economists with gloomy forebodings, upsets the equilibrium of State finances, and reduces the income of Indian officials on furlough by fully one quarter, there are still "adventurers" who think the pursuit of this metal profitable. Mr. Meiggs, the "leviathan contractor" of the United States, as is well known, after carrying his famous railway from Lima over the crest of the Andes, practically left his work uncompleted. He spent, it is said, £5,400,000 and 7000 human lives in his gigantic task; but, when he died, fifty miles still separated him from the world-renowned mines of Cerro del Pasco. Since then, no one has had the courage to attempt the completion of the line. It is now stated that Mr. Michael Grace, of New York, has taken heart and signed a contract with some authorities who represent for the time the Peruvian Government, and offers to pay the modest rental of £5000 per annum for ninety-nine years, on the understanding that the whole of the existing railway shall be handed over to him, and that for the same period he shall receive all the ore extracted from the mines. Mr. Grace's labour, however, will not be over when he has finished the line, for the mines of Cerro del Pasco for upwards of half a century have been untouched, the workings having been abandoned in consequence of being suddenly filled with water. Some time may therefore elapse before their produce will exercise much influence on the silver market, and, in the interval, some fresh uses may be found for the ore.

We shall be able for the future to dispense in the dull season with the services of the big gooseberry, the sea-serpent, the supernatural whale, the barnacles, and other miraculous objects, inanimate and animate, if the oyster will continue to supply us regularly with something like that "true story" sent by "a local naturalist" (a most honourable designation) from Whitstable. Two or three oysters were put, over night, in an earthen pan; two hungry young mice, while men slept, attacked one of the oysters with their mouths (not having an oyster-knife), and, being nipped between the shells, were found in the morning both in custody and dead. There is nothing at all incredible in all this; and the fondness of mice for oysters, if not hitherto a well-known fact in natural history, is probably due to metempsychosis, whereby the spirit of the celebrated Dando passed by transmigration into the mouse.

Mr. Anderson, of Aberdeen, referring to a Note in our last number, observes that the stanza, "Verse sweetens toil," &c., made famous in the first instance by Dr. Johnson, and quoted recently by Sir Theodore Martin, occurs in a poem entitled "Contemplation," published in 1753. He adds that the writer was the Rev. Richard Gifford, B.A. Oxon, the author of several theological works and of a metrical version of the Song of Solomon. His books are forgotten; but that lovely stanza, thanks to Johnson, who, as Mr. Anderson reminds us, inserted it in his Dictionary under the word "Vicissitude," may keep his memory green. There are poets who live on the strength of a single lyric, to live by a single stanza seems to be a piece of good fortune reserved for Mr. Gifford. So true is it that "deathless powers to verse belong" when that verse, however simply expressed, appeals to the "one touch of nature."

Another great tunnel has become an accomplished fact; on the 5th inst., forty passengers, including the chairman of the Great Western Railway (Sir Daniel Gooch), in five carriages drawn by a Great Western engine, "showed the way" through the Severn Tunnel, which is four miles and a quarter long. The journey was done in eighteen minutes; but, of course, it does not follow that such will be the usual rate. As the work was commenced in 1873, it may seem that everybody took plenty of time over it; but there were difficulties of many kinds not easy to explain in a small space. The chief anxiety has been felt, no doubt, by Sir Daniel Gooch, by Mr. Richardson and Sir John Hawkshaw, the engineer and consulting engineer, and, above all, by Mr. T. A. Walker, contractor; and they must all be very glad it is over—for the present. In length and in some other respects the Severn Tunnel cannot compare with the great tunnels, no doubt; but it has remarkable features of its own. The great tunnels, of course, are Mont Cenis (otherwise Fréjus), about eight miles long, which took fourteen years a-making; St. Gothard, about nine miles long, which took eight years a-making; and the recently finished (September, 1884) Arlberg, about six miles long, which took only two years a-making. But circumstances alter cases, in the construction of tunnels as well as in other matters.

In by-gone days, when "the Kickleburys" and the rest of our countrymen "did" the Rhine by steam-boat, the legends which have associated with its various beauty-spots were discussed with interest, and half accepted with sentimental reverence. But now we rattle past the Drachenfels, the Lorelei, and Bishop Hatto's Maus-thurm with our thoughts intent only upon whether we shall "catch the correspondence" at Mainz or Darmstadt, which will carry us off to Switzerland, the Tyrol, or, farther still, to where no longer

The rude Carinthian boor  
Against the houseless wanderer shuts the door.

Meanwhile, much that rendered the legends of the Rhine interesting has disappeared before scepticism and criticism. The "dragon" who guarded the approach to the Seven Mountains is reduced to a coarse and savage Baron, and the "sirens" who haunted not only the Rheinstrom, but our associations with a thousand beautiful spots, are got rid of in an equally prosaic way. It was Homer who introduced us to these ladies, to whom Odysseus behaved with such slight gallantry; and since then we have regarded them as everything that was charming and enticing. Now we know them to have been sea-monsters; and, to judge from the earlier representations to be found on old Greek vases, not very attractive in personal appearance. Miss J. L. Harrison, in a paper recently read before the Hellenic Society, suggests that the popularity of the Sirens may have been due to their pliability—physically if not morally—unless a deep symbolism be supposed.



## MR. GLADSTONE IN NORWAY.

The cruise on the coast of Norway which Mr. Gladstone has enjoyed, in company with Sir Thomas and Lady Brassey, on board their celebrated steam-yacht, the *Sunbeam*, enabled him frequently to go ashore and visit places of interest, and to acquaint himself with the picturesque scenery and the habits of the people. He was everywhere greeted by the Norwegians of all classes with a hearty welcome that seemed to be inspired by almost enthusiastic feelings of personal esteem. That sturdy and independent nation is essentially a liberty-loving race; and they look upon Mr. Gladstone as the general champion of freedom for all nations. The farmers and peasants of the country met him, here and there, with complimentary gifts, such as a fine salmon, or even an old family relic like the ancient wooden beer-bowl presented to him at Aurland, of which we give an illustration. He was beset with hospitable invitations which he could not accept, though at Bergen, having there visited the British Vice-Consul, Mr. Herman Janson, who showed him the principal institutions of the town, and gave him particular information concerning its municipal and local government, he also privately visited Mr. Jepson, a wealthy local manufacturer and member of the Rigsdag, partaking of a fruit luncheon in the gardens of that gentleman's country-house. Mr. Gladstone spent many hours in studying the Norwegian language, and in a few days, as a practised scholar, had made sufficient progress to be able, with the help of a dictionary, to read books, papers, and letters with tolerable facility. He made a point of attending church whenever he was ashore on Sunday, as he did at the village of Odde, at the head of the inner southern branch of the Hardanger Fjord, where the congregation, including an English Bishop and others of our travelling countrymen, in the simple wooden sacred building, waited on the farewell ministrations of their Lutheran pastor, who was about to remove from the parish. Mr. Gladstone does not fish; but he took great delight in long walks to see the grand scenery of the hills and forests, which he viewed with constant admiration. The right honourable gentleman was rapidly improving in health from day to day; and, though he had no opportunity of using his well-known skill in felling trees, he proved his strength and dexterity, on board the yacht, in sometimes lending a hand to help the sailors, under Sir Thomas Brassey's orders, in hauling a rope for the purpose of setting sail.

The *Sunbeam*, in which Sir Thomas and Lady Brassey, with their family and several friends, sailed round the world, between July 1, 1876, and May 26, 1877, visiting South America, the isles of the Pacific, Japan, China, and Ceylon, and returning by the Red Sea, has been made familiar to thousands of readers of her Ladyship's delightful books. The first of these volumes, narrating the long voyage above mentioned, is the more widely known, having been republished in a cheap edition; the second, "In the Trades, the Tropics, and the 'Roaring Forties,'" which came out this year, relates a cruise of three or four months, towards the end of 1883, in the Atlantic Ocean, touching at Madeira, the Azores, Trinidad, Jamaica, Cuba, the Bahamas, and Bermuda, occasionally struggling with very rough weather. It is hoped that Lady Brassey will before long favour the public with a short account of the recent trip to Norway, in which Mr. Gladstone has accompanied her husband and herself, and for which, on the return of the *Sunbeam* to the British shores, he has publicly thanked his friends, Sir Thomas Brassey, the owner and skilful commander, and the officers and crew of that splendid vessel. The *Sunbeam* is described as a three-masted schooner, of topsail-yard rig, with a screw propeller and engines of 350 indicated horse-power; the vessel is 157 ft. long, has 27 ft. 6 in. breadth of beam, and a displacement of 531 tons; her average speed is eight knots an hour, and her complement is about thirty men. She is painted white.

Our illustration of the *Sunbeam* steaming up the Sogne Fjord, which is some fifty miles north of Bergen on the coast, and that of Mr. Gladstone's walk over the rough mountain paths, at the head of the Hardanger Fjord, when he went up to see the famous waterfall of the Vöringsvoss, will give a fair idea of the scenes amidst which his brief holiday was passed. The right honourable gentleman wore a light grey tourist's suit, and a soft white felt hat, in these mountain rambles, but he appears in the ordinary black coat, and other attire of town, with Mrs. and Miss Gladstone, among the congregation returning from the village church at Odde. The presentation of the antique Norwegian beer-bowl to Mr. Gladstone was performed by a worthy agriculturist of Aurland, Herr Frøthiem, to whom this curious old-fashioned utensil belonged as an inheritance from his forefathers; he was accompanied on board the *Sunbeam* by two or three relatives or friends, one of them an old lady, wearing the peculiar costume of Norwegian countrywomen. The bowl is of dark wood, about a foot in length across the carved figure-heads of the two handles, by which, in drinking, it would be lifted with both hands; a painted ornament runs round the outside below the rim. The following letter was written by Mr. Gladstone in acknowledgment of this kindly present:—

"*Sunbeam*, R.Y.S., Aurland, Aug. 23, 1885.

"Dear Sir,—Pray accept my best thanks for your kindly gift. I am only a little ashamed to carry away from you a family relic and memorial; but your kindness leaves me no choice. I beg you to keep in my name the photograph herewith; and I offer my heartiest good wishes for yourself, your country, and her people.

"Your very faithful and obedient,  
"Herr Frøthiem."  
W. E. GLADSTONE."  
(The photograph inclosed was one of H. S. Mendelssohn's—a likeness of Mr. Gladstone.)

In this age of railway travelling a lucid exposition of the duties, rights, and liabilities of railway companies and passengers is a boon to be highly prized; and such a work—handy, easily consulted, and low priced—written by Louis Arthur Goodeve, a sound lawyer, has been published by W. Maxwell and Son, of Bell-yard. The treatise is of permanent value, not only to the practitioner and the law student, but to men of business, and to what may be called the travelling public. It is luminous, comprehensive, accurate, and interesting.

In London last week 2538 births and 1238 deaths were registered. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 101, and the deaths 252, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 3 from smallpox, 46 from measles, 14 from scarlet fever, 16 from diphtheria, 30 from whooping-cough, 8 from enteric fever, 83 from diarrhoea and dysentery, and 3 from choleraic diarrhoea. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which had been 165 and 201 in the two preceding weeks, declined to 159 last week, and were 13 below the corrected weekly average. Different forms of violence caused 38 deaths: 32 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 15 from fractures and contusions, 3 from burns and scalds, 4 from drowning, and 8 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Six cases of suicide were registered.

## FESTIVAL AT GRIMSTON PARK.

The York Association for the Care of Young Girls, an institution of Christian philanthropy in which many ladies of the city of York have taken an active interest, contemplates an extension of its work to other towns in Yorkshire. For the benefit of the funds of this institution, a very pretty open-air entertainment, including a Harvest Pageant, or procession, and the performance of a play called "Robin Hood and his Merry Men," was got up by a large number of its local supporters. It took place, on three days of the first week in September, by permission of Mr. John Fielden (of Todmorden, manufacturer), the High Sheriff of Yorkshire, in Grimston Park, near Tadcaster, formerly the residence of Lord Londesborough, which is now occupied by Mr. Fielden, one of the most beautiful places in the county. The weather being fine on Tuesday, the 1st inst., there was a very large assembly, both fashionable and popular, and the entertainment was a great success. The old English type of heraldic, symbolical, and representative pageantry was reproduced with much taste and skill, and with due attention to antiquarian precedents. It was arranged and superintended by Mr. D'Arcy Ferrers, as Master of the Revels, and by the Rev. H. H. Vyvyan, of St. Mary's, Castlegate, York, acting as Marshal, who was also Treasurer and Secretary; Miss Milner, of York, took a very active part in the arrangements. A procession went through the park conducting "the Harvest Queen," in a chariot embowered with flowers, attended by rustic maidens and pages, with bands of music and singers in chorus. The Hon. Mrs. Cecil Bingham, in white robes, appeared as the Harvest Queen; her car was driven by a Cupid, and was preceded, in due order, by the banner of the City of York and other standards, with heralds, a military band, and "blithesome singers," the Oaten Princess, on horseback, the Barley Princess, the Wheat Wain, Flora, Ceres, and Pomona in separate cars, with attendant maids, dancing children, reapers and gleaners, young ladies personifying Sweetness, Purity, Grace, and Modesty, each with her appropriate flower, trophies of fruit, vine-wreaths, roots, and corn, with floral decorations, the High Sheriff in his state coach, with halberdiers, yeomen, and peasants, three cows decked with roses and attended by milkmaids, gentlemen attired as jesters making the most of the fun, a monkey riding a donkey behind all, and the band of the York Industrial Boys' School. The dresses of the women and girls were in the style of the reign of Richard III. The procession going round took about an hour, after which, in a pleasant glade among the trees, the audience seated themselves for the play of "Robin Hood." This piece, written by Miss F. C. Playne, of Maidenhead, brings in a slight love story borrowed from an old ballad, that of the affection of the sheriff's daughter for Allan-a-Dale. The parts of Robin Hood and Little John were performed by two officers of the 28th Regiment, Mr. H. Morgan and Mr. E. C. Alcock; that of Christabel, the Sheriff's daughter, by Mrs. Booth; while Friar Tuck was most vigorously and humorously represented by Mr. Mark Landon. The whole company of guests and visitors, after this performance, were entertained with luncheon at Mr. Fielden's house, and there was a further exhibition of old English sports and revels, including the morris-dance, tilting at the quintain, tournament jousting, a mock bull-fight, a maypole-dance, and a ribbon-dance of the lasses, interspersed with music. The same pageant, play, and sports were repeated on Wednesday and Friday last week. Our illustrations are from sketches made by our Artist, with the assistance of excellent photographs taken by Mr. W. P. Glaisby, of Spurrier-gate, York.

## THE BOLAN PASS.

Our series of Sketches of the route by which the new road and railway now under construction up the Bolan Pass will effect an improved communication with the fortress of Quetta, an important British military station on the Afghan frontier, is terminated this week. The Sketch concluding the series represents the transport of stores by carts on that road, which is still far from being completed, and which is likely to be costly, after its making, to keep in repair, as it passes close to the bed of a stream, the Bolan, liable to sudden and violent floods. Its use may hereafter be in some degree superseded by the more elaborately constructed line of railway from Sibi through the Hurnai valley, and tunnelling a mountain range beyond, to reach the Pishin district, some thirty miles north of Quetta, where a large permanent military camp is to be formed, and whence the railway can be extended to the pass over the Khoja Amran, just above the plain of Candahar. This was the original design of Sir Richard Temple, the execution of which was begun with great energy, under his administration, at the time of the last Afghan War, but was unfortunately suspended on account of the embarrassment of the Indian finances, and had been resumed before Lord Ripon's departure from India. There is now an entire agreement, we understand, among the official authorities of our Indian Empire at home and abroad, upon the urgent necessity of completing all these works, as well as increasing the forces of the British and native army in India, to render the frontier perfectly secure.

At a meeting, on Monday, of the Tweed Commissioners—the Duke of Roxburghe presiding—the annual report showed that last winter 3559 salmon had been killed by disease, making a total of 41,528 for six years; and a committee was appointed to take into consideration the state of the river and its general administration.

An interesting exhibition, illustrative of the materials employed in the inventions and processes in use in the building trades, organised by the National Trade Exhibition Association in co-operation with the Society of Architects, is open at the Drill-hall, Plymouth. The Society of Architects, which has held its annual conference in Plymouth in association with the Building Trades Exhibition, was largely represented at the opening, when the Mayor of Plymouth (Mr. E. James) took the principal part in the ceremony. Mr. H. R. Gough, president of the Society of Architects, in his opening address, dwelt upon the great benefit which architects would derive from exhibitions of this kind.

The eighteenth annual Trades Union Congress assembled at Southampton on Monday, when Mr. Threlfall, a local town councillor, was elected president. The report, which was read by Mr. H. Broadhurst, M.P., secretary to the Parliamentary Committee, reviewed the work of the Committee in the present Parliament, and protested strongly against the composition of the Royal Commission on Trade. Other subjects referred to were factory and workshop inspection, mine inspection, workmen, magistrates, employers' liability, co-operation, &c. On Tuesday, Mr. T. R. Threlfall gave his address, in which he referred to various matters affecting the future welfare of the working class. The consideration of the Parliamentary Committee's annual report was then proceeded with, and occupied the whole of the remainder of the day, two paragraphs referring to mine inspection and the Royal Commission on Trade respectively giving rise to animated discussion. The report was eventually adopted.

## OUT OF PARLIAMENT.

"Happy is the country that has no Parliament—sitting!" may the Marquis of Salisbury well exclaim, paraphrasing a famous saying, while seeking recreation and renewed strength in his eyrie near Dieppe. While the Prime Minister still sojourns at the Chalet Cecil, Mr. Gladstone, having rejuvenised himself with the ozone of the North Sea, with a wee drappie maybe thrown into the bargain during the Golden Wedding fetes of Sir Thomas Gladstone at Fasque on the 3rd inst., on Monday last retired to Hawarden Castle to gird up his loins for the Midlothian campaign in October. Wearing a light tweed suit and a Highland cloak, Mr. Gladstone looked hale and hearty, but contented himself with bowing his acknowledgment of the cheers which greeted him at the different stations. Sir Andrew Clark examined the ex-Premier's throat at the Perth station, and found his voice stronger, though a little hoarseness still remained. It is possible that hoarseness is sometimes political as well as physical. When the time is ripe for Mr. Gladstone to promulgate the new Liberal cure-all, the right hon. gentleman will, it is to be hoped, have recovered the eloquence of old.

Yachting is growing in favour with statesmen, as well as with International yachtsmen. Earl Granville arrived in town on Tuesday, looking all the better for his cruise with Lord Wolverton in the steam-yacht *Palatine*. That shining light of the exalted "Fourth Party," the Solicitor-General, is cruising in the latitudes Mr. William Black has brought before us so vividly in his novels. In short, nothing seems to surpass an invigorating sea-voyage for blowing the cobwebs from the brains of exhausted politicians.

Mr. Bright keeps true to his old love, Scotland, from the salmon-streams of which he is not to be tempted by the most hearty of Yorkshire invitations. But it is to be regretted that Mr. Forster, who found dysentery instead of health at Baden-Baden, is kept in London by severe indisposition. The right hon. gentleman was unusually fatigued at the close of the Session by his labours as Chairman, and a very good Chairman, too, of the Manchester Ship Canal Committee. Members of both the great Parties in the State will wish Mr. Forster a speedy recovery.

Lord Randolph Churchill, ere he went northwards to seek the holiday he ventured to think he had won, shone as Ministerial star at the Sheffield Cutlers' Feast, on the 3rd inst. The Prime Minister must have been well satisfied with the glowing light thrown upon Ministerial transactions by the noble Lord the Secretary for India. His Lordship praised the Government for not being idle; and claimed credit for the provision of a satisfactory Budget in lieu of the unsatisfactory Financial Statement which caused the Gladstone Administration to be placed in a minority—likewise felicitated the Ministry upon the passing of some half a dozen measures of benefit to the country, and upon the reliance placed in the orderliness of Ireland, where peace was preserved without recourse being had to the Coercion Act. The Foreign Secretary was congratulated on the success attending the floating of the Egyptian Loan, and the approaching friendly termination of the Afghan frontier dispute with Russia. Lord Randolph Churchill devoted the following evening (when he was the lion of the great Conservative meeting held under the presidency of the Earl of Wharfedale at the Albert Hall, Sheffield) entirely to answering the Marquis of Hartington's recent address, his main argument being that the speeches of the noble Marquis and of Mr. Chamberlain proved that the Liberal party was hopelessly divided on every question. Wherefore, Lord Randolph invited the Marquis of Hartington to join the Conservative fold.

This desired accession of Lord Hartington to the Conservative party, Mr. Chamberlain stoutly maintained in his Warrington speech on Tuesday to be in the last degree improbable. "Lord Hartington is the last man in the world to be caught in the net of Tory Democracy," said Mr. Chamberlain, amid approving cheers; adding, "Our Liberalism is broad enough and free enough to include within its borders all the friends of progress." But by far the most important part of Mr. Chamberlain's speech was that in which he resolutely put his foot down upon Mr. Parnell's demand for the entire legislative independence of Ireland. While willing to give Ireland, in common with the rest of the United Kingdom, the fullest measure of local self-government, Mr. Chamberlain declared, with statesman-like decision and firmness—

This new programme of Mr. Parnell's involves a great extension of anything that we have hitherto understood by "Home Rule" (Hear, hear). The powers he claims for his separate Parliament are altogether beyond anything which exists in the case of the State legislatures of the American Union, which has hitherto been the type and model of the Irish demands; and if this claim were conceded we might as well for ever abandon all hope of maintaining a United Kingdom (Loud cheers). We should establish within less than thirty miles of our shores a new foreign country animated from the outset with unfriendly intentions towards ourselves (Hear, hear).

A new volume of poems by Lord Tennyson is announced by Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

The Kilmarnock Burns Museum has purchased from Mr. Richardson, of Glasgow, the original MS. of Burns's "Tam o' Shanter" for the sum of £235. The MS. is in an excellent state of preservation.

The magnificent but unfortunate vessel, the *Great Eastern*, which has never yet been able to obtain suitable permanent employment, will, by order of Mr. Justice Chitty, be offered for sale by auction at Lloyd's next month. She is at present idle off Milford.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. have projected a series of original works of romance and adventure by leading writers, to be issued under the general title of "Cassell's Rainbow Series." The first book, published simultaneously in England and America, is entitled "As It Was Written," by S. Lusk.

The annual prize-meeting of the 1st Surrey Rifles was held yesterday week at Wimbledon; and at Rainham a match was contested between sergeants of the 1st Battalion Middlesex Regiment and sergeants of the City of London Volunteer Rifle Brigade, the latter winning.

Dr. Walsh, the new Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, landed at Kingstown yesterday week, and, having been presented with addresses, proceeded to Dublin, where he was met by the Lord Mayor and Nationalist members of the Corporation, who escorted him to his residence amid great enthusiasm. Archbishop Walsh's induction took place on Monday at the Roman Catholic Cathedral, Marlborough-street. Subsequently, an address of the clergy and citizens was presented to the Archbishop at Holy Cross College.

The annual conference of the British Pharmaceutical Society was held in Aberdeen on Tuesday. Delegates were present from most of the large towns of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Mr. J. B. Stephenson, of Edinburgh, the president, gave an address, defining the true character and position of pharmacy, urging that pharmaceutical work should be assigned to the pharmacist and remunerated on the basis of professional fees. Many papers were read upon pharmaceutical subjects. On the same day the annual meeting of the Sanitary Association of Scotland was held in Aberdeen, when an address was delivered by Dr. Simpson, the president.





1. Robin Hood (Mf. H. Morgan, 28th Regiment).
2. Much (Master H. S. Strangways).
3. Maid Marian (Mrs. Commeline), with the Cup-bearer.
4. The Harvest Queen (Hon. Mrs. Cecil Bingham).
5. Miss Milner.
6. The Almoner (Mr. Strangways).

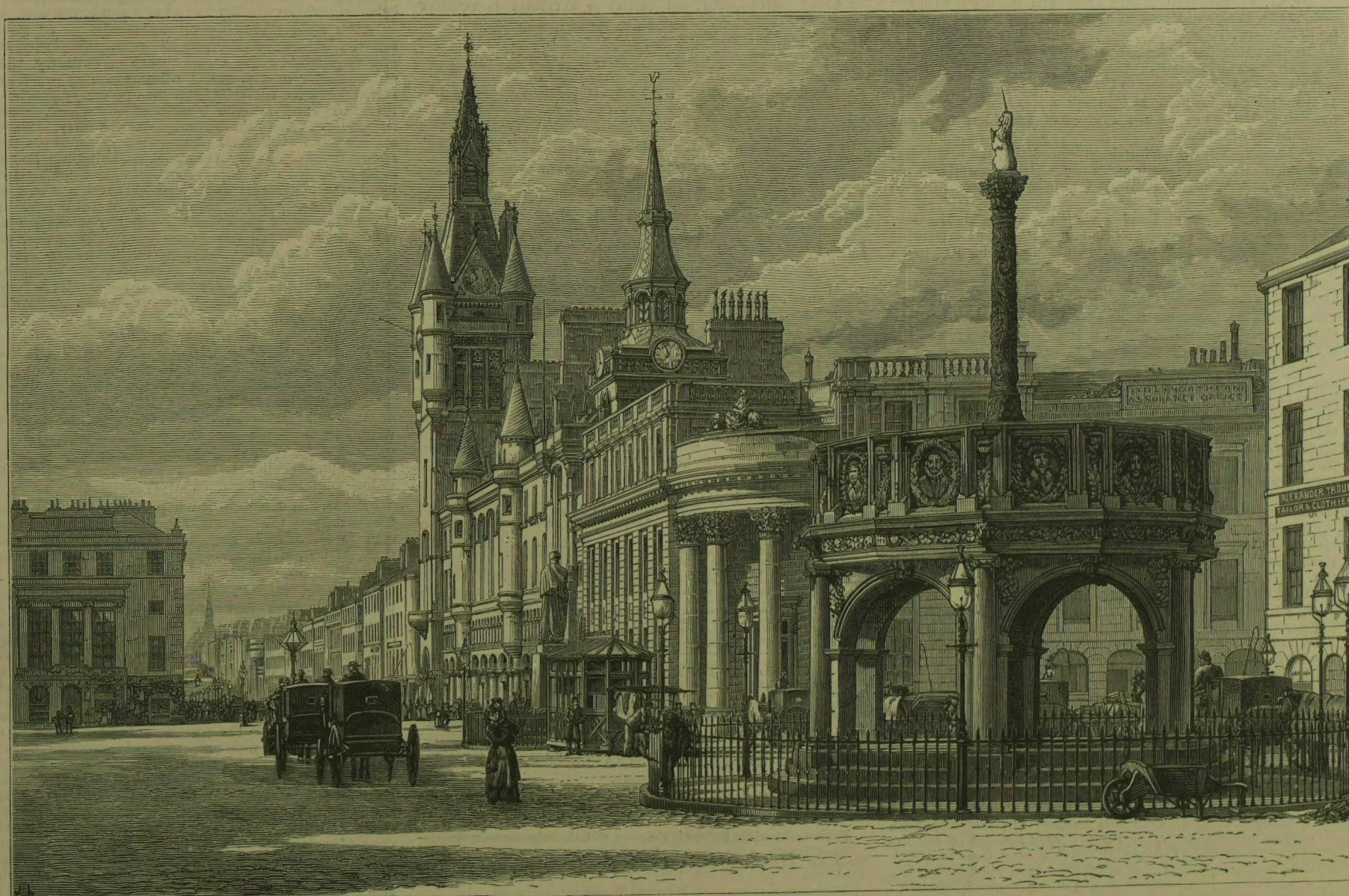
7. The Peach (Miss B. Buckle).
8. Captain Broadley, Stage Manager.
9. A Dancer (Mrs. Vyvyan).
10. A Harvest-woman.
11. A Harvestman.
12. The Jester (Mr. Mark Landon).

13. A Waggoner.
14. The Master of the Revels (Mr. D'Arcy Ferrers).
15. Miss Helen Bower, of Welham.
16. The Car of Flora (Mrs. E. Gray).
17. Second Jester (Mr. T. Fielden).
18. The Car of Ceres (Mrs. P. Cunliffe).





THE BOLAN PASS ROAD: TRANSPORT CARTS CARRYING STORES TO QUETTA.



CASTLE-STREET, ABERDEEN: MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.



## CITY ECHOES.

Wednesday, Sept. 9.

Influenced by the prospect of gold being shortly shipped for the United States and Canada, and also by the development of the quarrel between Germany and Spain, brokers have further advanced their rates for the discount of bills, 1½ per cent per annum being now the general charge for cashing three-months' paper. The effect on Stock Exchange securities has been unfavourable, the home funds having fallen a little in market value, while for other first-class fixed-dividend stocks the tendency has been towards lower prices. A feature of considerable importance has been the depreciation in Indian rupee loans, owing to the decline in the value of silver. Spanish bonds have been heavy, and other foreign loans have suffered in sympathy. An uncertain feeling respecting railroad affairs in New York has caused a decided relapse in American railways.

On the dividend result of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada for the first six months of the year being made known, there was quite a panic amongst the dealers in the various classes of the company's stocks. The net earnings are shown to have been £48,300 short of the amount necessary to meet the debenture interest. The guaranteed stock of the company quickly fell from 60½ to 52, the first preference from 55 to 46½, the second preference from 37 to 34, the third preference from 19½ to 17½, and the ordinary stock from 9½ to 7½. There was afterwards some recovery, but the fall is still considerable.

For the past half-year the Bank of England may be expected to pay a dividend of 5 per cent, the "Rest," according to last week's return amounting to £3,743,263, which sum would admit of the above-mentioned distribution, leaving a surplus of over three millions sterling. For the corresponding period last year 4½ per cent was paid.

No dividend is to be paid by the Shott's Iron Company for the past financial year, making the fifth consecutive occasion on which the dividend has been passed. After payment of preference interest, the working of the Sheepbridge Coal and Iron Company, Limited, for the year shows a loss of £9925, reducing the credit balance from the previous year to £8082. On the Staveley Coal and Iron Company's shares, the dividend for 1884-5 is £4 3s. 4d. per cent, which compares with 5 per cent. The depressed condition of the coal and iron trades is referred to by each of the above companies; but it is some consolation to the shareholders to know that there are at length some indications of an improvement in this respect.

A few days ago Mr. Benjamin Whitworth, M.P., announced that he had resigned his seat on the board of the Metropolitan Railway Company, "finding that all his remonstrances with the chairman in regard to the keeping of the accounts, the manner of presenting them to the shareholders, and his general policy have been in vain." To this the secretary of the company was instructed to reply that there is "no substance of fact in the complaints which Mr. Whitworth has made," and yesterday a special meeting of the board was held to decide what action should be taken in the matter, when the following resolution, amongst others, was passed:—"That as the statements of Mr. Whitworth generally are not only damaging to the property, but are libels upon the board, the further proceedings in reference thereto be now referred to the solicitor."

T. S.

An anonymous donation of £500 has been received by the treasurer of the Wilberforce School for the Blind, York, through Messrs. Coutts's bank.

Mr. T. H. Elliott, of the Inland Revenue Department, has been appointed Assistant Secretary to the Royal Commission on the Depression of Trade.

Mr. H. Thorneycroft, A.R.A., has been intrusted with the task of executing the statue of the late General Gordon voted by Parliament.

The Revising Barristers began on Tuesday the revision of the Parliamentary Lists of Voters, a work which has to be completed by Oct. 8, owing to the General Election.

Admiral Sir Leopold M'Clintock on Saturday last laid the foundation-stone of the Protestant Institute, in Commercial-road, Portsmouth.

The Severn Tunnel having been completed, the first train, containing Sir Daniel Gooch and various directors and officials of the Great Western Railway Company, passed through it last Saturday.

The Lord Mayor of London visited Croydon on Monday, and took part in the ceremony of laying the memorial-stones of the West Croydon Congregational Church, which is to be erected at the corner of Campbell-road.

Our Views of Castle-street, Aberdeen, and of the University of Aberdeen, are from photographs by Mr. G. W. Wilson, the well-known photographic artist of that city, whose excellent productions, representing Scottish Highland scenery, and the towns of Scotland, have obtained a just reputation.

The Queen has approved of General Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, K.C.B., being appointed to command the forces in Ireland, in succession to General Sir T. M. Steele, K.C.B., whose period of service in that capacity is about to expire.

Mr. Gladstone, accompanied by his wife and daughters, travelled from Fasque House on Monday to Hawarden. At various places the right hon. gentleman was enthusiastically greeted. He is represented as being in sound health, and it is expected that in a few weeks his voice will be restored.

Mr. E. Hart, the Master of the Butchers' Company, on Monday opened the new livery-hall which has been erected in Bartholomew-close for the accommodation of the members of the guild, to replace the building in Eastcheap, recently acquired by the District Railway Company.

In a boat-race on the Tyne last Monday, between Henry Clasper, of London, and Robert Patrick, of Gateshead, for £60 and the light-weight championship, Clasper won by about two lengths. The course rowed over was from the High-Level Bridge to the Suspension Bridge.

A large demonstration was held on Hackney Downs last Saturday, to protest against the discharge of sewage into the Lea. Mr. Godfrey Lushington, in the absence of Sir R. A. Cross, received a deputation on the same subject, and promised that the Secretary of State should use all the power he possessed on behalf of the residents on the banks of the river.

The Council of the Printers' Corporation held a meeting last Saturday in the Board-room of the Printers' Almshouses at Wood-green, and, after the routine business had been transacted, an entertainment for the aged inmates of the institution was given. Full justice having been done to a substantial tea, the evening was spent in social enjoyment. Mr. F. J. E. Young, Chairman of the Council, presided. Mr. W. H. Collingridge, the local visitor, announced that an anonymous friend had offered to contribute £100 as the nucleus of a fund with which still further to extend the usefulness of the charity; and a presentation was made by the chairman to Messrs. Pardoe and Killingback of an illuminated copy of the scheme of the Pardoe-Killingback Pension Fund of £500.

## BIRTHS.

On the 4th inst., at the Chief Secretary's Lodge, Phoenix Park, Dublin, Lady Emily Dyke, of a son.

On the 4th inst., at Wynn's, Rhuabon, Lady Williams Wynn, of a daughter.

## MARRIAGE.

On July 15, at Christ Church, Warrnambool, Victoria, Australia, by the Ven. Archdeacon Bramish, D.D., LL.D., James Bruce Gill, Esq., of Runnymede, Victoria, fourth son of the late David Gill, Esq., of Blairlythan, Aberdeenshire, to Ruth, eldest daughter of Lieutenant-General James Farrell Pennycook, C.B., Royal Artillery.

## DEATH.

On the 27th ult., at New York, after a short illness, Charles Edwards Walker, eldest son of Henry Pinckney Walker, Esq., H.B.M.'s Consul at Charleston, South Carolina, in his 43rd year.

\* \* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

**THE VALE OF TEARS.**—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW on VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

**ANNO DOMINI. THE SEARCH FOR BEAUTY,** and "The Chosen Five," by EDWIN LONG, R.A. These celebrated Pictures, with other Works, are ON VIEW at the GALLERIES, 108, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

**LYCEUM THEATRE.**—Lessee and Manager, Mr. Henry Irving. EVERY EVENING, at Eight o'clock, OLIVIA, by W. G. Wills. Dr. Primrose, Mr. Henry Irving; Olivia, Miss Ellen Terry. Box-Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open Ten to Five, where seats can be booked in advance or by letter or telegram.

**THE PRINCE'S THEATRE,** Coventry-street, W. Lighted by Electricity. Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE. EVERY EVENING, at Eight, Comedietta. Followed by, at Nine, the very successful Farceful Play, in Three Acts, by R. C. Carlton and Cecil Raleigh, called **THE GREAT PINK PEARL**. For Cast, see daily papers. Doors open at Twenty Minutes to Eight; commence at Eight. Carriages at Eleven. Box-Office open Eleven till Five. Seats may be booked by letter, telegram, or telephone (3700). Business Manager and Treasurer, Mr. W. H. GRIFFITHS.

**PRINCESS'S THEATRE.**—Mr. WILSON BARRETT, Lessee and Manager. EVERY EVENING, at Eight o'clock, will be enacted a New Play, in four acts and fourteen scenes, by Henry A. Jones and Wilson Barrett, entitled **HOODMAN BLIND**. New scenery by Messrs. W. Hann and T. E. Ryan. Incidental music and overture by Mr. Edward Jones. Produced under the sole direction of Mr. Wilson Barrett. Messrs. Wilson Barrett, E. S. Willard, C. Cooper, E. Price, G. Walton, C. Hudson, C. Fulton, Evans, Bernage, Elliott, &c., and George Barrett: Miss Eastlake, Mesdames Huntley, Cooke, Glickerow, called **THE GREAT PINK PEARL**. For Cast, see daily papers. Doors open at Twenty Minutes to Eight; commence at Eight. Carriages at Eleven. Box-Office open Eleven till Five. Seats may be booked by letter, telegram, or telephone (3700). Business Manager and Treasurer, Mr. W. H. GRIFFITHS.

**ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.**  
**THE COOLEST PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN LONDON.**  
THE NEW AND DELICIOUS ENTERTAINMENT  
Of the world-famed

**MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS**  
ALL THROUGH THE SUMMER.  
EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT.  
And on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY AFTERNOONS at Three as well.  
Doors open at 2.30 and 7. Tickets and places at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, from 9.30 to 7. No fees of any description.

**ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.**  
ON FRIDAY NEXT, SEPT. 12, 1885, THE  
**MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS**  
WILL COMMENCE THEIR TWENTY-FIRST YEAR  
AT THE ST. JAMES'S HALL,  
where they have given NINE PERFORMANCES PER WEEK,  
in one continuous season, since Sept. 18, 1865.  
The season will be daily celebrated by the introduction of  
AN ENTIRELY NEW AND BRILLIANT PROGRAMME.  
Tickets and places may be secured at Austin's Ticket-Office, St. James's Hall, daily,  
from 9.30 till Seven.

**MONTE CARLO.—SUMMER SEASON.**  
The series of the Extraordinary Musical Entertainments having terminated with the Winter Season, the usual Concerts, directed by Mr. Komeo-Accursi, will be continued daily until further notice.

**SEA-BATHING AT MONACO.**  
Villas and Private Houses and Apartments for every taste, and at every price.  
The beach, like that of Trouville, is covered with the softest sand, and at the Grand Hôtel des Bains comfortable apartments, with board, for families, can be had at reasonable prices.

**GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—SEASIDE.**  
The SUMMER SERVICE OF FAST TRAINS is now running to YARMOUTH, Lowestoft, Clacton-on-Sea, Walton-on-the-Naze, Harwich, Dovercourt, Aldeburgh, Felixstowe, Southwold, Hunstanton, and Cromer.  
TRAINS ON TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and FRIDAY or SATURDAY TO TUESDAY  
A CHEAP DAY TRIP TO THE SEASIDE.—To CLACTON-ON-SEA, Walton-on-Naze, and Harwich, Daily, leaving LIVERPOOL-STREET at 9.10 a.m. on Sundays, 8.30 a.m. on Mondays, and 7.8 a.m. on other days.  
For full particulars see bills.  
London, September, 1885. WILLIAM BIRT, General Manager.

**DOVER AND OSTEND LINE.**—Accelerated Conveyance  
of the Travellers from London to Brussels (9½ hours), to Cologne (15 hours), to Berlin (20 hours), to Vienna (39 hours), to Milan, via the St. Gothard (35 hours), and to every great city on the Continent; also to the East, via Brindisi (63 hours).  
Single and Return Through Tickets at very reduced fares (50 lb. of Luggage gratis).  
On board the Mails, Beds against Sea-Sickness, Refreshments, Private Cabins, Stewards, &c.  
Two Services daily, in correspondence with the International Mail and Express Trains. Direct German Carriages and Sleeping-Cars.  
Agencies at London, 53, Gracechurch-street; at Dover, 3, Strand-street; at Ostend; at Brussels, 90, Montagne de la Cour; at Cologne, 12, Domhof; at Berlin, Vienna, Milan, &c.  
Daily Conveyance of Ordinary and Specie Parcels.

**BRIGHTON.**—Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Week-day. From Victoria 10 a.m., Fare 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car. Cheap Half-Guinea First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Saturday from Victoria and London Bridge, admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion. Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.50 p.m. Fare, 10s.

**HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, BEXHILL, AND EASTBOURNE.**—Cheap Day Return Tickets issued daily by Fast Trains from London Bridge 10.10 a.m. Week-days, 9.30 a.m. Sundays, calling at East Croydon. From Victoria 9.55 a.m. Week-days, 9.25 a.m. Sundays. From Kensington (Addison-road) 9.55 a.m. Week-days, 9.10 a.m. Sundays, calling at Clapham Junction. Fares, 15s., 11s. 6d., and 6s.

**PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.**  
Via NEUCHÂTEAU, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.  
EXPRESS DAY SERVICE EVERY WEEK-DAY AS UNDER:—  
Victoria Station. London Bridge Station. Paris.

Day	Leaving Victoria	Leaving London Bridge	Arriving Paris
Saturday, Sept. 12	10 a.m.	Dep. 8.20 a.m.	Arr. 6.40 p.m.
Monday, " 14	" 10	" 9.30	" 7.40
Tuesday, " 15	" 9.30	" 10.30	" 8.20
Wednesday, " 16	" 10.20	" 11.35	" 9.15
Thursday, " 17	" 11.10	" 12.30	" 10.30
Friday, " 18	" 1.0 p.m.	" 1.5 p.m.	" 12.20 a.m.

**NIGHT SERVICE.**—Leaving Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. every Week-day and Sunday.  
FARES.—London to Paris and back. 1st Class. 22 17s. 6d. 2nd Class. 22 15s. 6d.  
Available for Return within One Month.  
Third Class Return Tickets (by the Night Service), 32s.  
The Normandy and Brittany, splendid fast Paddle-Steamers, accomplish the Passage between Newhaven and Dieppe frequently in about 3½ hours.  
A through Conductor will accompany the Passengers by the Special Day Service throughout to Paris, and vice versa.  
The Trains between London and Newhaven, and also between Paris and Dieppe, are fitted with a communication between Passengers, Guard, and Driver, and are provided with the Westinghouse Automatic Continuous Brake.  
Trains run alongside steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

**FOR FULL PARTICULARS, see Time-Book, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or at any other Station, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—**West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly; and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar-square; Hay's Agency, Cornhill; and Cook's Ludgate-Circus Office.  
(By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

## POSTAGE OF THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

## AT HOME.

The postage within the United Kingdom, including the Channel Islands, is One Halfpenny.

## ABROAD.

To places abroad the postage is Twopenny, with the following exceptions:—To Abyssinia, Aden, Borneo, Ceylon, India, Java, Labuan, Penang, Philippine Islands, Sarawak, Singapore, the Transvaal, and Zanzibar, Threepenny.

To Madagascar (except St. Mary and Tamatave), Fourpenny.  
Copies printed on thin paper may be sent to the Colonies and Foreign Countries at half the rates stated above; but their use is not recommended, the appearance of the Engravings being greatly injured by the print at the back showing through.

Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the departure of the mails.

Office: 198, Strand, W.C.

## THE CHURCH.

The rectory of Framlingham, Suffolk, has been resigned by the Rev. E. Bickersteth, who is about to resume missionary work in India.

Princess Christian will open a bazaar, on Nov. 10, at the Athenæum, Camden-road, in aid of the building fund of All Saints' Church, Dalmeny-road, Tufnell-park.

Lord Penrhyn, who had given the site for a new church at Capel Curig, a village nestling at the foot of Snowdon, has intimated that he will contribute £1100 towards the cost of its erection.

Canon Wordsworth, Bishop-Designate of Salisbury, has appointed the Rev. G. H. Fowler to the office of vice-principal of the Salisbury Theological College, which will shortly become vacant.

The Bishop of London has licensed the Rev. Reginald H. D. Acland-Troyte, of Trinity College, Oxford, and late Vicar of Winterbourne Down, near Bristol, to the chaplaincy of St. Andrew's, Pau, in succession to the late Rev. F. Kent.

A three-light Munich stained-glass window, representing the Angel appearing to the women at the Sepulchre, has been placed in the fine old church of Halifax, to the memory of Mr. and Mrs. Norris, of Fixby Park. The work is from the studios of Messrs. Mayer and Co.

The Bishop of Southwell has exchanged with the Lord Chancellor and Earl Manvers for country livings in his gift the patronage of four important churches in Nottingham and the suburbs—viz., St. Mary's (the parish church), St. Peter's, Old Basford, and Old Radford.

Lord Derby has given £100, the cost of restoring a fine altar-tomb in Macclesfield parish church, consisting of two recumbent figures, one of which represents Sir John Savage and the other Lady Katherine, his wife, daughter of the first Lord Stanley of Knowles.

The Rev. the Earl of Mulgrave, Vicar of Worsley, who had resigned the living, has intimated to his parishioners that, as arrangements had been made permitting him to winter abroad, he would withdraw his resignation, now in the hands of the Bishop.

A monument, erected by several friends of the late Lord Frederick Cavendish, was on Tuesday unveiled at Cartmel Priory Church, situated within a couple of miles of Holker Hall, the Duke of Devonshire's Lancashire seat. The ceremony was of a private nature.

The Bishop of Carlisle presided on the 4th inst. at a conference of the diocesan branch of the Girls' Friendly Society, when Lady Lawson, the diocesan president, gave an address, and papers were read by Lady Grey, Lady Knightley, Mrs. Parker, and Miss Bowly on different branches of work.

The Bishop of Exeter opened on the 4th inst. an iron church on Lundy Island, erected at the expense of the Rev. G. Heaven, the proprietor of the island, who has for many years conducted the service in a farm-house. The ruins of an old church dedicated to St. Helena, are still discernible, and the last recorded institution of a clergyman was that of Nicholas Comyn, by Bishop Grandison, on Feb. 3, 1355. The islanders crowded to the service, and it is hoped that ere long there may be a permanent church.

On Sunday, Aug. 30 last, a new east window, in Trinity Church, Chester, in memory of the late General Ball, was solemnly dedicated. The window, a successful work by Mr. Kempe, of London, is illustrative of the "Te Deum," and represents our Lord in Glory, surrounded by Cherubim and Seraphim, and apostles, prophets, martyrs, and bishops of "the Holy Church throughout all the world." There are seven lights. The grouping of the figures is striking, and the colouring of the window full of rich and harmonious effects.

At a special meeting of the Governors of the Charity for the Relief of Necessitous Clergymen, their Widows and Orphans, in the archdeaconry of Coventry, the Bishop of Worcester offered £1000 Birmingham 3½ per cent Corporation Stock for the establishment of a clergy pension and life insurance fund for the benefit of clergymen, benefited or licensed, in the archdeaconry of Coventry, the dividend arising from such fund (augmented as he hopes it may be from time to time by additional contributions) to be applied to one or both of the following objects:—(1) To secure, by annual payments continued through a series of years, a certain pension for life after a definite age, or under circumstances of permanent incapacity for clerical work; (2) to secure by similar payments a definite sum of money payable at the death of the person insured to his widow or children or representatives. This offer was gladly accepted, and a committee of the governors of the charity was appointed to draw up rules defining the circumstances under which help should be given.

The Princess of Wales has signified her consent to open the new Institute for Working Lads recently erected opposite the London Hospital in Whitechapel-road, on Saturday, Oct. 31.

The cricket-match at Scarborough, between the Gentlemen and the Players, resulted last Saturday in a single-innings victory by the gentlemen, with twenty-five runs to spare.

A very fine show of fruit, and the annual exhibition promoted by the National Dahlia Society, took place at the close of last week at the Crystal Palace.

The Queen has awarded a pension of £100 a year to the four sisters of the late Mr. John Leech, artist; and a similar sum to Mrs. Rosina Eastwick, widow of Mr. E. B. Eastwick, C.B., F.R.S., M.P., in respect of his distinguished connection with Oriental languages and literature.

A pretty, modest, simple, touching little introductory poem would lead one to infer that *Claudio and Fida; and Other Poems*: by Aston Clair (London Literary Society) is a volume containing only the earliest efforts of a poetical fledgeling at the time when the first yearnings to soar aloft were felt. If so it be, the young songster gives promise of attaining a notable height. So much profound feeling, so much strong passion, so forcibly and vividly, as well as tenderly, eloquently, and melodiously expressed, would scarcely be expected from a young beginner. The voice sounds like the voice of experience; the work, with an occasional exception, does not look like that of a prentice hand. The titular piece is a tragic and pathetic story, told in good verse, easy and agreeable to read, and with a fervid energy, a sympathetic enthusiasm, which carries the reader unhalting to the end, or just pausing once to protest in horror at the shocking nature of the main conception: how a father, to obtain his daughter's consent to a hateful marriage, pretends to reveal to her a tale of his own sin, dishonour, and consequent danger, and all the while he is lying to her. Still, it is all very well done. A few verbal criticisms might be offered; but it is plain, if page 3 be compared with pages 109 and 111, that the author sometimes errs from simple carelessness, and belongs to the class of persons "who know what's right, but only so; who never practise what they know"; if, at least, "seldom" be substituted for "never."



## ABERDEEN.

The dignified and thriving Scottish city, a seat of learning and of commerce, where the British Association for the Advancement of Science holds its annual Congress this year, ranks next after Edinburgh and Glasgow in importance among the towns of North Britain, having a population that now approaches 100,000. It is situated on the north bank of the Dee, just above the mouth of that river, the issue of which into the German Ocean has been slightly diverted by works enlarging the harbour and giving space for the construction of commodious docks. The older part of the town, containing the principal business streets and public buildings, occupies a range of hills, to the west of which, across the valley of the Den burn, is the New Town, joined to the other part by a fine bridge of 132 ft. span, 50 ft. above the valley, carrying the broad straight thoroughfare of Union-street nearly on the same level. The central railway station, like the Waverley station at Edinburgh, lies in the valley between the Old and New Towns; but is close to the docks, and about a mile from the sea. Union-street, nearly a mile long, has a rather grand appearance, the houses being mostly large and built of grey granite; at the upper end, it widens into Castle-street, of which we give an illustration; here are the Municipal and County Buildings, a very fine edifice of Scottish baronial architecture, turreted at the angles and in the main façade, with a tower 200 ft. high, and with massive columns upholding the elliptical arches; there is another tower, with a spire, at the east end. The interior, with the great hall, timber-roofed and oak-panelled, the Townhall, the County Hall, the Court-rooms, and various offices, is stately and convenient; the architects were Messrs. Peddie and Kinnear, of Edinburgh. Several banks and other important buildings stand in or near Castle-street, the upper end of which is further adorned with an ancient Town Cross, of the seventeenth century, removed from its original site, bearing medallion portraits of the Kings of Scotland, including those Stuarts who were also Kings of England, down to James II. of the one country, who was James VII. of the other. The site of the old Castle is now occupied by military barracks.

The University of Aberdeen includes King's College and Marischal College. The former institution is located a mile to the north, in the Spittal of the "Auld Toun," not far from the venerable Cathedral of St. Machar. King's College, founded in 1495 by Bishop Elphinstone, Lord Chancellor of Scotland, is a quadrangle of collegiate residences, with chapel and library, surmounted by a tall lantern spire with a crown at the top. Marischal College, founded by George Keith, Earl Marshal, in 1593, on the site of a Franciscan monastery, is in Broad-street, close to Castle-street, and has been rebuilt, of granite, in a handsome style, but is too much crowded on by other houses. A tower, 100 ft. high, rises at one side of the quadrangle, where is the principal entrance, with a staircase leading to the hall, library, and museum. A curious old inscription at the entrance has been preserved, which runs thus in the ancient Scottish dialect, "Thay haif said: Qubhat say thay: Lat them say." In the square is a granite obelisk, 70 ft. high, to the memory of Sir James Macgregor, Director-General of the Army Medical Department, who was educated at Marischal College. The two Colleges were united in 1860, and the University is in good repute.

On the north side of Aberdeen flows another river, the Don, with a bridge that bears the name of Balgownie, which was formerly of ill-omen. The biography of Lord Byron, part of whose childhood, as a relative of the Gordon family, was spent in this neighbourhood, mentions his feelings of superstitious terror, when a little boy, in riding over this bridge on his pony, and remembering the dismal prophecy:—

Brig o' Balgownie, black 's your wa';  
With a wife's ae son, and a mare's ae foal,  
Down ye shall fa'.

The ancient Royal Burgh of Aberdeen has many interesting historical associations; the town is now distinguished for enterprise in trade and industry; its cotton, flax, jute, woollen, and iron manufactures, as well as its shipping, and the working of its famous granites, which furnish architectural and sculptural ornaments to many other towns in Great Britain, employ a great number of workmen. The docks, with an area of thirty-four acres and an entrance 70 ft. wide, as well as the pier and breakwater, have greatly improved the accommodation of the port. Among the local institutions are to be noticed the Royal Infirmary, the Grammar School, the Gordon College, and others devoted to public beneficence, with the agreeable Public Parks. The neighbourhood is pleasant for residence, and within a short distance of some of the finest Highland scenery, Deeside, Balmoral, and Braemar.

## SIR LYON PLAYFAIR.

The President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science at this year's Congress at Aberdeen is the Right Hon. Sir Lyon Playfair, K.C.B., M.P. for the Universities of Edinburgh and St. Andrews, and LL.D. of Edinburgh University. He is eminent as a scientific and practical chemist, a sanitary reformer, an educational reformer, a man of public business, an ex-Minister, and late chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means in the House of Commons. He was born in India, at Meerut, May 21, 1819, being son of Mr. G. Playfair, Chief Inspector-General of Hospitals in Bengal, and nephew to the late Colonel Sir Hugh Playfair, of the East India Company's service. He was educated at St. Andrews, and studied chemistry under Professor Graham at Glasgow, and afterwards at Giessen, under Professor Liebig. He was for some time manager of the calico-printing works of Messrs. Thompson, at Clitheroe, but in 1843 was appointed Professor of Chemistry at the Manchester Royal Institution, succeeding Dalton. In the following year, he was appointed by Sir Robert Peel's Government to serve on the Royal Commission of Inquiry concerning the sanitary condition of large towns and populous districts. He afterwards came to London, and held the Chemical Professorship at the Museum of Practical Geology. He was specially employed in the arrangements for the Great Exhibition of 1851, visiting the manufacturing districts and drawing up an elaborate scheme of classification of their products, materials, and processes; he was Special Commissioner for the appointment and Superintendence of the Juries at that Exhibition, and again at the Exhibition of 1862. For these services he was nominated C.B., and he also received an appointment in the household of the late Prince Consort; he was also made joint Secretary, with Sir Henry Cole, of the Science and Art Department created in 1853, and in 1856 became Inspector-General of the Government Museums and Schools of Science. He was elected, in 1857, President of the Chemical Society of London, and, in the next year, Professor of Chemistry at Edinburgh University, where the Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred (the Duke of Edinburgh) attended his classes. Among other special inquiries with which he was intrusted by Government, were those into the causes of accidents in coal-mines, and, jointly

with Sir Henry De la Beche, into the qualities of British coal for the use of the Navy; the Royal Commission on the Cattle Plague, the Royal Commission on the Scottish Fisheries, and the Civil Service Organisation Commission of 1874. He was Chairman of the Finance Committee of the English Commission for the Paris Exhibition of 1878, and is one of the Commissioners on the Board of Manufactures. In 1868, Dr. Lyon Playfair was elected, as a Liberal, to the seat in the House of Commons which he has since retained; he became a member of Mr. Gladstone's Government in 1873, holding the office of Postmaster-General, and was then made a Privy Councillor. After the general election of 1880, in the new Parliament, he was appointed Chairman of Committee of Ways and Means, and Deputy Speaker; from these offices he retired in the Session of 1883, and was raised to the rank of K.C.B. He has received the honours of knighthood and Commandership in several foreign orders—French, Austrian, German, Swedish, and Portuguese. He has translated and edited Baron Liebig's treatise on chemistry applied to agriculture and physiology, and is the author of many scientific reports and memoirs, lectures, and published addresses, on economic, sanitary, and educational subjects, including the address delivered in 1874 to the Social Science Association at Glasgow. Sir Lyon Playfair has been thrice married, his present wife being an American lady, of Boston.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Alexander Bassano, of Old Bond-street.

## THE HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

We gave last week a summary of the arrangements for the one hundred and sixty-second meeting of the three choirs of Hereford, Worcester, and Gloucester, which opened at the first-named city on Tuesday last, an inaugural service in the cathedral having preceded the performance therein of Mendelssohn's "Elijah." The service was an impressive one, the festival choir having contributed to the musical portions thereof. The sermon, with special reference to the occasion, was preached by the Rev. Prebendary Poole.

"Elijah" was very effectively rendered in its choral, solo, and orchestral details; its performance having, as usual, derived additional impressiveness from the solemn surroundings of the fine temple in which it was given. The principal solo vocalists were—Madame Albani, Miss Anna Williams, Madame Patey, Madame Enriquez, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley. Dr. Langdon Colborne, organist of Hereford Cathedral, conducted. The subsequent performances in the Cathedral consisted of Gounod's "Redemption"; Spohr's "Last Judgment," followed by Bach's motet, "A Stronghold Sure"; Dvorák's "Stabat Mater" and Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise"; and Handel's "Messiah." Of these we must speak next week.

The first of the two miscellaneous concerts in the Shire-hall included the production of a new cantata for solo voices, chorus and orchestra. The work is entitled "St. Kevin," and is the composition of Dr. J. Smith, of Dublin, who has availed himself of Gerald Griffin's legendary poem, "The Fate of Kathleen," with some few slight verbal alterations rendered necessary for musical treatment. The cantata consists of two parts, in each of which there is some effective writing, including representative themes, which recur with appropriate significance. The solo portions were rendered by Miss Anna Williams, Mr. H. Kearton, and Mr. Brereton. The remaining novelty of the Festival was "The Song of Balder," composed by Mr. C. H. Lloyd, for soprano solo, chorus, and orchestra. This work was produced at the second miscellaneous concert at the Shirehall, on Thursday evening, and must be noticed by us next week, with our remarks on other portions of the Festival performances.

The choral competitions organised by the Council of the International Inventions Exhibition, at the Royal Albert Hall, closed yesterday (Friday) week, when the awards were made. The singing, on the four days, was generally of high efficiency. Some important metropolitan and suburban choirs were unable to join in the competition, the hour fixed not being suitable. This will, no doubt, be remedied on any future occasion.

Of the Bristol Musical Festival, the last and latest of the provincial musical festivals of the year, the programme has been issued, and, although offering few musical novelties, it is an attractive and well-considered one. The leading vocalists are Madame Albani, Miss Anna Williams, Madame Patey, Madame Trebelli, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Maas, Mr. Hilton, and Mr. Santley. Charles Hallé will conduct, and his talented band will occupy the orchestra. The oratorios will be given in the following order:—Tuesday, Oct. 20, Handel's "Belshazzar"; Wednesday, Mendelssohn's "Elijah"; and Friday, Handel's "Messiah." There will be no oratorio for Thursday, but on that morning Berlioz's "Faust" will be given. On the evenings of Tuesday, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, there will be miscellaneous concerts, and among the pieces set down for them are Mr. Lloyd's "Hero and Leander" the finale, Mendelssohn's "Lorely," Brahms's "Triumph-lied," &c. All the music, sacred and secular, will be given in Colston Hall, and the profits will be devoted to the medical charities of Bristol.

Yesterday week the Earl of Carnarvon, who was accompanied by the Countess, visited Bray, and opened the new sea-wall and esplanade. An address was presented by the commissioners, and the town was gaily decorated.

Alderman Hobson, Deputy Mayor of Derby, has been elected Mayor for the remainder of the municipal year, in the place of Mr. Powkes, deceased.—At a special meeting of the Chester Town Council to fill up the vacancy caused by the death of the Mayor, Alderman Richard Muspratt, who filled the office for seventeen years consecutively, the unanimous choice of the Council fell upon Alderman Dyson, who for twelve years has been Deputy Mayor of Flint. Mr. James L. Muspratt was chosen as the new Alderman.

Mr. Phelps, the American Minister, opened a working men's club at Clifton-on-Dunsmere, near Rugby, last week. In replying to an address presented to him, Mr. Phelps said the prosperity of America had been built up by the persistent industry of its people. There was employment in that country for all who desired it, and prosperity for all who deserved it, and all were welcome who liked to go. But he did not preach emigration; and he advised a man before trying to benefit himself by crossing the Atlantic to be sure what was the matter, and what he wanted to go for. There was no room there for idle and worthless people, any more than there was here; and if a man possessed those qualities essential to success in America, he could, from his (Mr. Phelps') observation, do very well where he was. Speaking in non-political terms of the franchise, he considered that both great political parties were doing their best for the welfare of the country, and if people would set themselves diligently to understand the true merits of the measures that are proposed, and to remember that one class cannot save itself at the expense of another, the extension of the franchise would work well, and turn out a happy and wise measure: otherwise it would not.

## THE COURT.

The Queen continues in good health at Balmoral. Divine service was conducted at the Castle on Sunday, in presence of her Majesty, the Royal family, and the household, by the Rev. James Barclay, M.A., Minister of St. Paul's, Montreal, late of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh. Sir Richard Cross and the Rev. Mr. Barclay had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. Splendid sport is being obtained in the deer-forests of Balmoral and Aberfeldie by Prince Henry of Battenberg, the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse, and Prince Christian Victor, as many as from three to five stags falling daily to their rifles. Formerly the deer in these forests were specially preserved for the Prince of Wales.

The Prince of Wales arrived at Stockholm on the 2nd inst., and was received at the railway station by the King of Sweden and the Royal Princes. His Royal Highness was most enthusiastically cheered by the people. The Prince proceeded to the Royal Castle at Drottningholm, accompanied by King Oscar. Yesterday week the Prince took part in some wild-swan shooting at the Manor-house, Ekolsund. In the evening a performance in honour of his Royal Highness took place at the Royal Theatre, at which the Prince was present. Upon his entering his box, the band played the British national anthem. On Saturday the Prince was present with King Oscar and the Crown Prince and Princess at the regatta of the Swedish Yacht Clubs. In the evening there were illuminations and fireworks displays. The Queen of Denmark and the Princess of Wales, with her daughters, arrived last Saturday afternoon at Elsinore, where they were received by the Kings of Denmark and Greece and an enthusiastic populace.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught have arrived at Guildenstone Castle, on a visit to the Grand Duke of Oldenburg, whose eldest son is married to the sister of the Duchess of Connaught.

Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, accompanied by the Duke of Teck and family, yesterday week visited the dock works in progress at Tilbury, opposite Gravesend.

The Duke of Cambridge arrived at Gloucester House, Park-lane, from Kissingen, yesterday week. His Royal Highness on Tuesday paid a visit to Lord and Lady Aveland at their place in Perthshire.

The Duke and Duchess of Westminster gave a garden party at Eaton Hall, Chester, yesterday week; over 300 ladies and gentlemen were invited.

The majority of the Duke of Newcastle will be celebrated privately at Clumber on the 22nd inst.

The marriage of Lord William Cecil, third son of the Marquis of Exeter, with Miss Tyssen Amherst, eldest daughter of Mr. W. A. Tyssen Amherst, M.P. for West Norfolk, was solemnised on the 2nd inst. at St. Thomas's, Portman-square. The church was well filled with the friends and relations of the two families. The bride was conducted to the altar by her father. She wore a magnificent costume of white duchesse brocade satin trimmed with fine point-lace, the front of the skirt being richly embroidered, tulle veil, and wreath of real orange-blossoms. Her ornaments were diamonds. There were eight bridesmaids—Lady Frances Cecil, Lady Louisa Cecil (sisters of the bridegroom), Miss Sybil Tyssen Amherst, Miss Florence Tyssen Amherst, Miss Margaret Tyssen Amherst, Miss Alice Tyssen Amherst, and Miss Geraldine Tyssen Amherst (sisters of the bride), and Miss Villiers, cousin of the bride. They wore pretty dresses of white canvas and lace, trimmed with blue-and-red striped ribbons (the Guards' colours), with sailor hats en suite. Each carried a bouquet of crimson roses and wore a pearl spray brooch, the gifts of the bridegroom.

The Earl and Countess of Lathom having recently celebrated their silver wedding, the Freemasons of the province of South-West Lancashire are about to present Lord Lathom, their R.W.G.M., with a silver loving-cup in commemoration of the event.

The golden wedding of Sir Thomas and Lady Gladstone was celebrated on the 3rd inst. at Fasque, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, the Misses Gladstone, and other members of the family being present. To mark the occasion, fifty of the married servants who had been longest in the service of Sir Thomas were each presented with a new sovereign.

A marriage is arranged to take place on the 24th inst. between Commander R. Poore, R.N., eldest son of Sir Edward Poore, Bart., and Miss Ida M. Graves, youngest daughter of the Bishop of Limerick; and a marriage will shortly take place between Colonel the Hon. George Bertie and Miss Blanche Farquhar, daughter of Sir Walter and Lady Mary Farquhar.

The Countess of Dalhousie has returned to Brechin Castle, Forfarshire, from Contrexville, Vosges, where she spent the last three weeks for the purpose of benefiting by the waters. The Countess of Kintore, who accompanied Lady Dalhousie, has also returned from Contrexville, and is now at Inglismaldie.

Earl and Countess Granville, accompanied by Viscount Leveson and Lady Victoria Leveson Gower, arrived at their house on Carlton House-terrace on Tuesday evening after a few weeks' cruising in Lord Wolverton's steam-yacht *Palatine*.

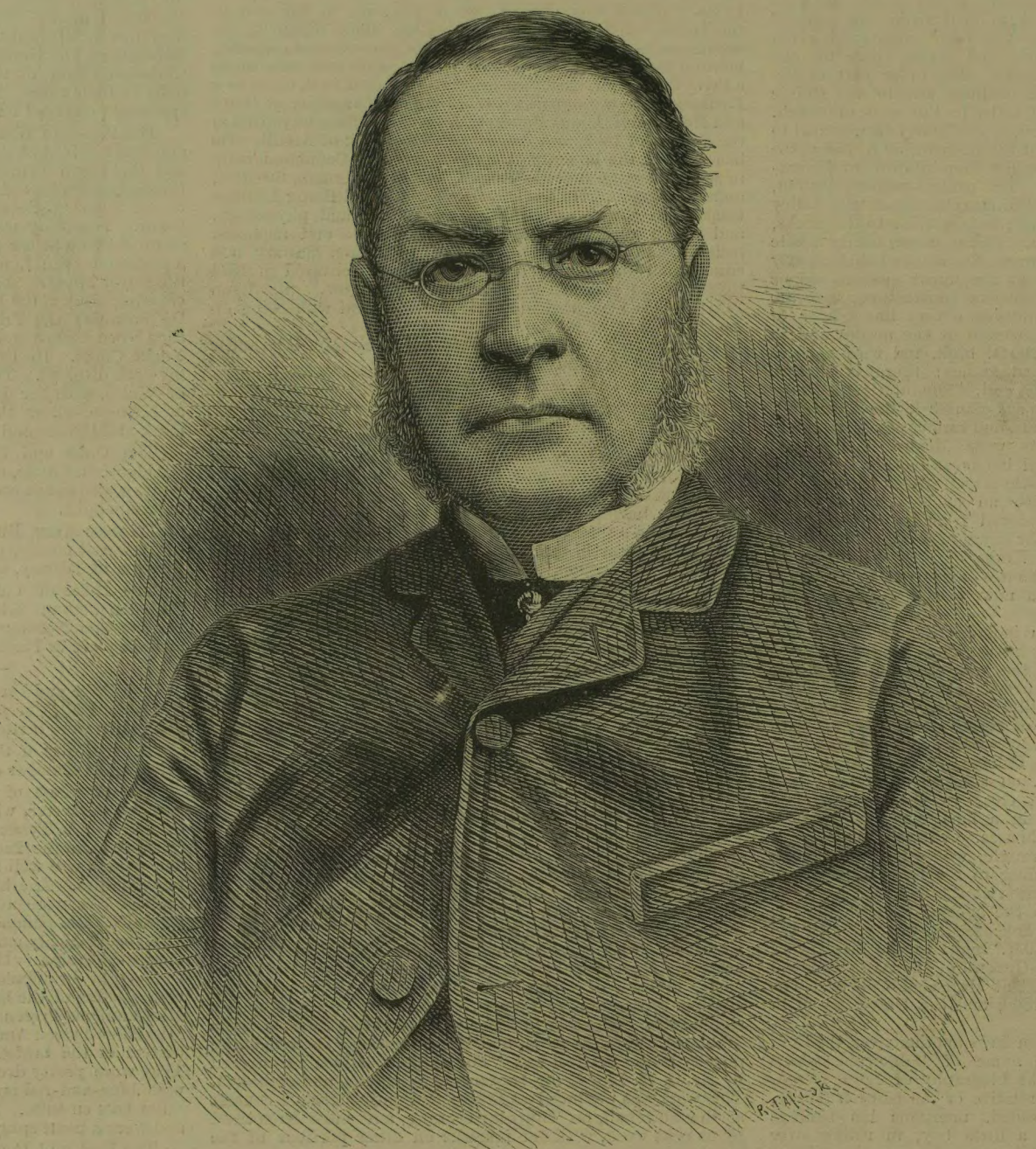
The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland has begun his northern tour. The Earl and Countess of Carnarvon, accompanied by Lady Herbert, arrived in Belfast on Monday evening, and met with an enthusiastic reception. The town was gaily decorated. The Mayor and Town Council met the Viceroyal party at the station, where the Town Clerk read an address of welcome. Reference was made in the address to the attachment of the citizens to the Crown and Constitution, and to the numerous warehouses and extensive manufactories which had made Belfast prosperous and its people happy. Lord Carnarvon, in reply, expressed the pleasure it gave him to visit Belfast, and to receive such tokens of loyalty. He hoped, in the next few days, to be able to see for himself, not only the places of business referred to, but also the dwellings of the poor. At the conclusion of the proceedings, the party drove to Belvoir Park, the residence of Sir Thomas Bateson, the neighbouring village of Newtownbreda being gaily decorated and illuminated. His Excellency will pay a series of visits in Ulster.

Notification is given in the *Gazette* that the Queen, taking into consideration that Frederick Henry, now Earl of Lauderdale, major in the Bengal Staff Corps, has made out his claim and is entitled to the dignities of the earldom in succession to his cousin, Charles, who died unmarried and without issue, has ordained that George Thomas Maitland, Esq., major in the Bengal Staff Corps, the brother of the present earl, shall henceforth have, hold, and enjoy the same title, place, pre-eminence and precedence as if his late father had survived and succeeded to the title and dignity of Earl of Lauderdale.

Lady Frederick Cavendish has presented to the Corporation of Barrow-in-Furness an oil painting of her husband.

The *Gazette* contains a license from the Queen authorising Mr. Joseph Sebag, of East Cliffe Lodge, Ramsgate, out of respect to the memory of his maternal uncle, the late Sir Moses Montefiore, to use the surname of Montefiore in addition to that of Sebag, as also the arms of the late Baronet.





SIR LYON PLAYFAIR, K.C.B., M.P.,  
PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT ABERDEEN.



THE UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN, THE MEETING-PLACE OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.





AT THE REGATTA.  
DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.



## THE MAGAZINES.

The *Cornhill* continues to rejoice in two of the most entertaining fictions of the day, and they are at present at their best. "Court Royal" is as hopelessly absurd as ever, but as full of life and sparkle. It is impossible to believe a word of the tale, or to miss one. The scene between the rascally mining adventurer and the mining engineer in "Rainbow Gold" is very powerful. The general aspect of Holland is capably described in a paper showing how colour and effects of sky may make a dull country picturesque, and a nursery of great painters. "In the Pit of a Theatre" contains many interesting notices of the eminent actors of forty years ago, especially Helen Faucit.

*Macmillan*, about to lose its editor, is excusable in a weak condition. There are, however, besides the continuation of "Mrs. Dymond," very readable, if slight, papers on "The Windward Islands," "Rural Roads," and "The Baths of Casciana in July." We do not know why the writer of the last named calls the lines quoted at page 357 "maccaronic"; they are in perfectly pure Italian.

The readers of the *English Illustrated* part with two old acquaintances, the late Mr. Conway's well-written but essentially mediocre "Family Affair," and Mr. Crane's "Sirens Three." If the poetry of the latter does not rival its obvious model, Fitzgerald's "Omar Khayam," and the illustrations fall short of "Omar's" pictorial interpreter, Vedder, both are nevertheless inspired by a real artistic spirit, and truly imaginative. "Beneath the Dark Shadow" turns into a tale of Nihilism, and the conclusion, though effective, hardly fulfils the promise of the opening.

"Fortune's Wheel" and "The Crack of Doom" lose none of their attractions in this month's *Blackwood*; but the most important contribution is an able description of the present condition of Burmah, pointing out the danger of French interference in a kingdom bordering upon British India, and the necessity for anticipating it. A paper on Florida gives a very encouraging account of "the State of orange-groves," which is to be the State of pine-apples, coconuts, guavas, and bananas as well.

The principal feature in *Longmans' Magazine* is the crisis which has supervened in Mrs. Stevenson's novel "Prince Otto," against which no charge of deficiency in incident can now be preferred. If we fail entirely to realise the personages, the cause must be sought in the exceptional nature of the situation rather than in any lack of vitality in the characters themselves. "Balzac at the Odéon" is an amusing history of the bringing out of his unsuccessful play, "Les Ressources de Quinola."

The *Fortnightly Review* is a great improvement upon recent numbers. Mr. Hurlbert's article on Italy and the temporal power, if in any way officially inspired, may be regarded as a symptom that the Pope's *non possumus* is beginning to break down. If an independent speculation, it is of small account, for the only thing perfectly clear about the negotiations of 1861, of which Mr. Hurlbert makes so much, is the insincerity of both parties. Mr. Caillard throws some light on the intricacies of the Turkish Budget, even more incomprehensible than the Indian; and Mr. Higgin draws attention to the remarkable industrial progress of Spain under every discouragement from dishonest Governments and irrational tariffs. It is enough to state that the exports have trebled and the imports doubled since 1862. Mr. Archer gives a most favourable and in no way exaggerated account of the vitality and productiveness of modern Norwegian literature. The memorial notice of Lord Houghton does not seem to be written from a very near point of view. Mr. Courtney's estimate of Emerson is generally sound; but in questions of rhythm, the poet's ear seems better than the critic's. Mr. Burnand contends that the drama has not been condemned by the Church of Rome since it ceased to be a Pagan institution. He omits his strongest argument by failing to state that the Pagan drama itself, in the shape of the comedies of Plautus, was patronised and encouraged by Popes Alexander VI. and Leo X.

The best contributions to the *Nineteenth Century* proceed from a pair of Earls, Lords Cowper and Ducie. The former ably puts the case of those moderate Liberals who persist in keeping on terms with the more advanced section. Lord Ducie has found a great curiosity, the narrative of a Spanish officer of the Armada, shipwrecked on the coast of Ireland. Nothing can be more amusing than his horror of the Irish, whom he generally calls "the savages." Another valuable and entertaining paper is Mr. Lepper's account of Tibet, which is not flattering. The people are all either priests or pedlars, the former being the greater rogues of the two. There are four degrees of scholarship entitling students to academical honours, the first consisting in knowing nothing of anything. It is superfluous to observe that Mr. Lepper found no trace of the Mahatmas. "Vittoria Colonna," by Mr. Schütz-Wilson, is a vigorous sketch of an interesting life; and M. De Laveleye's account of recent democratic experiments in Switzerland is an interesting study in politics.

The *Contemporary Review*, through the mouth of Dr. W. H. Russell, puts a question which few are competent to answer at this time of day. Why did we depose Ismail? The inquiry why we cannot restore him fortunately admits of a much simpler reply. Mr. Healy contemptuously rejects Mr. Chamberlain's proposals for the future government of Ireland. His confident anticipations of the speedy concession of Home Rule were probably penned before his leader had unbagged the cat by threatening to tax British manufactures. "Our West African Settlements" and "Rural Administration in Prussia" are dry but valuable articles. Vernon Lee's dialogue on the excuses made for systematically immoral fiction is healthy in sentiment, but more distinguished for eloquence of expression than closeness of reasoning.

The same eloquence, with greater vigour of thought, characterises Vernon Lee's contribution to the *National Review*, a powerful appeal for the ideal in art and life, interspersed with descriptive passages of singular beauty. Conservative prospects at the general election are discussed in a very hopeful temper. M. Vambéry is equally reassuring as to the vitality of the national spirit. Signor Gallenga is quite at home in detailing the crimes of a petty Italian Prince, and Mr. Percy Greg in outlining the eloquent speeches he could make if he got into Parliament; so that the principal contents of the number are of a cheerful and exhilarating character.

*Harper's Monthly* has an interesting anecdotic paper on General Grant by Horace Porter, with an excellent portrait; and a paper of special interest to English readers, Mr. Espinasse's history of the publishing house of Murray. "The Earliest Settlement in Ohio" describes the birth of a great State, and the illustrations to a paper on the French animal sculptor, Barye, are very suggestive. The most important contribution to the *Century* is General Grant's own record of the siege of Vicksburg; but "Sienna," "Among the Red Roofs of Sussex," and "The Great River of Alaska" are copiously and charmingly illustrated. The principal feature in the *Atlantic Monthly* is the commencement of a new novel by Henry James, "The Princess Casamassima."

Besides the continuation of "A Girton Girl" and "Mitre

Court," *Temple Bar* has a very striking short story of the semi-supernatural class, "The Chessplayer." Signor Salvini is the subject of a good paper, and there is a lively sketch of Havana. *Belgravia* is entirely devoted to fiction. "Colour-Music," in the *Gentlemen's Magazine*, contains an interesting suggestion as to the means of obtaining chromatic effects by the electric light, which the writer expects to develop "a new art-medium of emotion in all respects capable of rivaling music itself." "The Plane in London" and "The Crested Screamer" are very agreeable essays in natural history. Mr. Dolman's criticism of George Eliot's politics is confined to "Felix Holt." In *Time* the Russian Nihilist Stepniak seems to relinquish the hope of a rural revolution in Russia, but protests that the towns will make up. We question whether the discontented townsmen will ever fight, though they may assassinate and burn. "Victor Hugo's Chief Disciples" denote Dumas and Alfred De Musset, who would have recalcitrated against the epithet. The *Dublin University Magazine* is too manifestly the organ of a small party in the University to be fairly entitled to its title. It has, however, an article by Mr. Davitt on the prospects of Irish Conservatism under Home Rule, worthy of serious attention.

Arnold Böcklin, the German painter, has the honour to occupy the first place in the September number of the *Magazine of Art*. To many readers this artist and his works must be quite unknown, and the student will therefore be grateful for this addition to the ever-widening circle of art-knowledge. The specimens here given of Böcklin's works are remarkable for their weird picturesqueness. The illustrations of Celtic metalwork are of great interest; and the examples of current art include Mr. Whistler's "Pablo Sarasate," which the writer of the article implies is the best picture the art-season of 1885 has given us. If true, this would be a high compliment to the Suffolk-street Galleries.

Among the numerous serials issued by Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co., besides *The Magazine of Art*, are *Cassell's Magazine*, *The Quiver*, *Illustrated Universal History*, *Popular Gardening*, *Picturesque Europe*, and the first instalment of *Gleanings from Popular Authors*.

Readers of the *Art Journal* who are fond of indulging in day-dreams about the past will be interested in Mr. F. G. Stephens's account of Hammersmith and Chiswick, which is continued in this month's number, with several illustrative sketches, including Hogarth's house and tomb. The number also contains the lecture on "Stairs and Staircases" delivered at the Royal Academy last spring by the learned architect, Mr. George Aitchison, A.R.A. There is a very capital woodcut of Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's bust of the poet Gray at Cambridge, and a variety of other interesting articles and illustrations.

Among the contents of the *Journal of Science* is a noteworthy article on Arsenical Poisoning by wall-papers and other manufactured articles, contributed by Dr. Jabez Hogg, consulting-surgeon to the Royal Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital. Poisonous pigments, he says, are used not only for colouring wall-papers, but for giving brighter hues to window-curtains, to articles of dress, to lamp shades, and to sweetmeats; and he urges that the use of arsenic in manufactures should be placed under legal restrictions in this country, as they are in several Continental States.

*The Theatre*, edited by Clement Scott, has, besides the usual amount of discriminating notices of the drama, music, and the fine arts, character-portraits of Miss Florence West and Mr. J. Clarke.

We have further to acknowledge the receipt of London Society, *Moniteur de la Mode*, *World of Fashion*, *La Saison*, *Le Pollet*, *Gazette of Fashion*, *The Red Dragon*, *The Argosy*, *Good Words*, *Army and Navy Magazine*, *Household Words*, *Eastward Ho!* *The Antiquarian*, *Chambers's Journal*, *All the Year Round*, *Merry England*, *Leisure Hour*, *Book-Lore*, *United Service Magazine*, *Fores's Sporting Notes and Sketches*, *St. Nicholas*, *Harper's Young People*, *Aunt Judy's Magazine*, *Sunday Talk*, and others.

## AT THE REGATTA.

The two young ladies who play at being sailors on board the anchored yacht in the harbour of pleasure-vessels, during an interval of the races, are suddenly aware of the approach of an impudent shore-boat, carrying those black-faced minstrels whose tuneless banjos and nigger songs are often heard in London streets. In the months of August and September, when so many families have left town for the seaside, many of every kind of outdoor performers of music and mummery, including the exhibitors of "Punch and Judy," are to be found on the coast of Kent or Sussex, at Margate or at Brighton, or even at Southsea and in the Isle of Wight, having followed the general summer migration of their customers, and reckoning on pence to be gained wherever the children and the nursemaids resort. As they are wont, moreover, to enliven the more popular scene on Epsom Downs and every other racecourse, trusting to the careless openhandedness of the elders when intent on a day's frolic, even in the absence of juvenile admirers, those who chance to be near the appointed place of a regatta will seek their account in going afloat, making the round of the crowded boats, sidling up to the yachts, and soliciting from the spectators a good-natured dole towards their expenses of the holiday season. The present encounter is so amusing to the fair guests on board the yacht, who look down from the bulwarks in perfect safety from intrusion, that they are likely enough to drop sixpence or a shilling into the boat alongside, and to purchase the entertainment of a song full of harmless drollery, or plaintive and melodious as these quaint performances often are. Apart from the ridiculous figure that a man presents whose visage is smutted all over with burnt cork, and who is dressed in a short green jacket, yellow trousers, high white collar with huge frill, and a battered old white hat, gesticulating like an ape in his desperate effort to be funny, the singing is often good, the strung accompaniment is skilfully managed, and some of the airs, long since perfected at the orthodox establishment in Piccadilly, are of considerable musical value.

The Harras Academy, the gift of the late Bailie Harras to the School Board of Dundee for the purpose of affording secondary education at moderate fees to the children of the working classes, was opened last week by Sir Lyon Playfair, M.P., who gave an address upon the importance of scientific and technical education.

The magnificent palace which the Duke of Westminster has rebuilt for himself on the banks of the Dee, four miles from Chester, was yesterday week thrown open to about five hundred guests. Tea was served in the large dining-room, in case the weather proved unfavourable, and arrangements were made for dancing in the magnificent suite of rooms on the east terrace. The band of the South Staffordshire Regiment, from Manchester, was engaged. The Duke and Duchess escorted groups of guests over the new hall. When absent, the Duke of Westminster opens the hall to visitors on payment of a shilling, which is devoted to the funds of the Chester Infirmary. The sum of £500 was handed over for that purpose last year.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

The oldest playgoer in London would certainly not know the Lyceum Theatre in its smart attire. The present writer may be excused if he expresses a passing fancy, and with it a regret for the departed decorations. It was in this theatre I saw my first play. Here, in the dress circle, it was, in the days of the luckless management of Charles Mathews and Madame Vestris, that my youthful imagination was stimulated by the "Island of Jewels," "The King of the Peacocks," "Prince Charming," and many more of the Easter or Christmas delights that my old friend Planché prepared for the little children of—well, never mind how many years ago. It was all fairy-land to me. How was I to know that "Madame"—who looked so well, and sang so clearly "Get along, black man, don't you come anigh me," or "Pray, Goody, please to moderate the rancour of your tongue"—was not in reality as young as she looked? Childhood is with difficulty disillusioned, and in the mirror of my memory are still reflected Frank Matthews and his funny wife, bland Julia St. George, innumerable other favourites, but as clear as anything else, the raised decorative work of the Lyceum boxes and dress circle. Years afterwards, when Fechter took the theatre and opened with the "Duke's Motto," I was present in an official capacity, to write a notice of the play for some obscure journal. Times had changed. Kate Terry and John Brougham, George Jordan and Harry Widdicombe, Fred. Charles and Carlotta Leclerc were the Lyceum favourites of the second period; but still, the solemn, handsome theatre stood. The boxes were the same as in the days of old; and, prejudiced or not, I have never seen a handsomer theatre than the old Lyceum. Regrets, however, are useless. The old decorations have gone; and, with them, almost the recollections of the old playhouse. We must not be selfish. The gallery wanted more light and air. The scenic decorator and the stage-director, Mr. Harry Loveday, insisted that their "cloths" and "set scenes" should be whirled up into the air without being folded up; the habitués of the stalls demanded more room for their legs; and so, as change was the order of the day, why not hack down the "carton-pierre" adornments and paint the whole theatre in dazzling colour? No sooner said than done. I dare say it is all very beautiful to those who like it. It conveys nothing, to my mind, that the decorations have been copied from the Vatican, or any Italian Loggia in existence. The adornment that may be excellent for the Vatican or an Italian villa may be fatal for a theatre, without any disrespect to the mural decorators of Vatican or villa. Time and dirt will produce a marvellous change on the Lyceum decorations; but meanwhile it may not be heresy to say that the detail of the decorations is so exceedingly elaborate that few eyes can detect its specific meaning. The ceiling, I believe, means something. To me it whirls round like a chromatope in a magic-lantern. The panels, I am sure, are artistically correct, though laboured and mechanical to a fault. To me they only provide a fatal obstacle for seeing a single individual in the house. However, no doubt it is all very necessary and highly creditable to all concerned. I only hope that the novel decorations will not go the way of Mr. Fechter's wonderful French stage, which cost a mint of money and was subsequently found to be utterly impracticable. If Mr. Irving did not keep his theatre religiously dark during the performance, no human eye would be able to detect the beauty of a single scene. Look up to the sun for a few minutes, and you are blinded to the beauties of the landscape. Study the Lyceum decorations, and you must hide your eyes in a dark pocket-handkerchief before gazing at the stage. So long as the stage is safe, I do not care. I should not like to miss the beautiful stage pictures of Mr. Hann or Mr. Hawes Craven; and I confess I am so short-sighted that even the polychromatic panels of the Lyceum will not save me from the constant charge of "cutting a friend."

"Olivia" goes even better than ever in certain scenes. I have seldom seen Mr. Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, or Mr. Terriss to better advantage than in the scene at the Dragon Inn, where Olivia is acquainted with her miserable position, and her old father comes to rescue her from Thornhill and to take her home. Miss Ellen Terry played this scene with fine power, and fairly astonished her audience. The more I renew my acquaintance with plays and pay them a second visit, the more am I convinced that, on the whole, the acting of a play is far better on the first night than on any other. Allowing for first-night nervousness, and all the inevitable drawbacks, I am certain that each individual actor and actress puts more heart and endeavour into the play when it is on its trial than at any other time. After the first night, the artists, with very few exceptions, reserve themselves for favourite scenes, and let the rest of the play take care of itself. They gabble over passages that to them are uninteresting, to the detriment of the work as a whole. It is the author who suffers. It would be well sometimes if a manager who acts could be constantly at the wing, watching the play. The manager who acts, as a rule, is the director of the stage. He little knows what parts are "walked through" when he is up in his dressing-room. Mr. Burnand is of opinion that critics are out of place on a "first night," and that the public notice of a public performance should be reserved until some indefinite period, when the play would be stale, and the public ceased to have any interest in it. But this must be one of Mr. Burnand's jokes. The idea of an advertising manager refusing the notoriety that belongs to a new play! So entirely do I disagree with Mr. Burnand that, for the benefit of the public, the critics ought to be in front every night during the run of a play. If they were, the actors and actresses would be kept up to the mark, and not allowed to slur over scores that they consider are valueless. In Sarcey's volume of criticism on various French artists there is a wonderful essay on Jane Essler. He describes her as a veritable creature of impulse, who on one night would catch flies at the wings, and on another would be chaffing the light comedian instead of attending to her business; but directly she knew some sympathetic person was in the house she would play her best to that solitary individual, and in doing so electrify her audience.

The season has now fairly started. Mr. John S. Clarke promises us a sketch of "Nicholas Nickleby," at the Strand; the great spectacular melodrama is to be given at Drury-Lane next Saturday; the Avenue, the Comedy, and the Haymarket Theatres are on the eve of opening, and I am delighted to hear that "Hoodman Blind" is drawing enormous houses at Mr. Wilson Barrett's theatre in Oxford-street. C. S.

The Session 1885-6 of the University College, Liverpool, is to be opened on Oct. 3, when the Earl of Derby will occupy the chair. The introductory address will be delivered by Professor Bradley, and Lord Derby will distribute the prizes.

A new public drinking-fountain has been presented to the city of Oxford, by Mr. Justice William Ward, an old and respected citizen, who has twice filled the office of Mayor, as well as that of Sheriff, Alderman, and other offices. The fountain is in Portland stone, handsomely carved and inscribed, and forms a beautiful architectural feature in the angle of some roads near Port Meadow.



## PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Sept. 8.

It is easily understood why the events in Spain have a more particular interest for France than for any other country except the two parties to the dispute, and it is interesting to observe how the newspapers have spoken of the difference which at present divides Germany and Spain. At the first outbreak of Spanish indignation, the French press naturally concluded that Prince Bismarck had received his first snub since 1870, and that the charm of his power was broken. This was said in very guarded language, but there was no mistaking the inward satisfaction that some of the journals felt two weeks ago. Since the news of the attack on the German Embassy at Madrid, however, the tone of the Parisian press has been irreproachable, and the different phases of the trouble have been discussed with great calm and judgment; no encouragement whatever has been given to the side which naturally has its sympathies. Some of the journals are indignant because one or two Berlin newspapers have hinted or said that the French at Madrid had incited the demonstration against the German Embassy, and point to the fact that the Spaniards themselves have denied this statement. They also call attention to the attitude of the French Government, which has prevented any outward manifestations from the numerous Spanish residents in Paris. The German Embassy here is carefully watched by several policemen in citizens' clothes; but, thus far, no attempt has been made by the Spaniards to create any disturbance. On the contrary, although they meet every day to discuss the events that interest them, they have pledged themselves to commit no act that would embarrass the French Government.

The call for the general elections on Oct. 4 was to-day issued by the Government. The young Duke of Morny, who was disavowed by the Conservatives in the Puy de Dôme, announces that he will run as an independent candidate. The Minister of Public Worship has issued a circular to the clergy reminding them that, while they are free to exercise their right of vote, they ought to be very careful not to influence their flock in one way or the other. The *Semaine Religieuse*, which passes as the organ of the Archbishopric, while recognising that the clergy should maintain the greatest reserve, says that the priest is a citizen, and has the right to counsel those who come to him outside the exercise of his ministry.

The present Government is doing all that is possible, considering its limited appropriation, for the cause of education, and particularly for the education of young girls, a branch that has heretofore been so neglected in this country. Although the law on secondary instruction is comparatively new, there are already ten lycées with 1700 pupils, sixteen colleges uniting over 2000 scholars, and ninety-six preparatory schools with 5382 pupils. Four new lycées and four new colleges are about to be opened, and five others will be ready next year. Besides these establishments scattered over the country, two large lycées are building here.

Two new volumes that promise to be very entertaining reading are announced for early appearance—M. Albéric Second's "Literary Souvenirs" and M. Camille Doucet's "Memoirs." M. Second has for the last fifty years written a great deal for the theatre and the newspapers; while M. Doucet, as dramatic author, Government administrator of the theatres under the last Empire, and French Academician, has known all the interesting persons who have been prominent in French society during the last half century. A new batch of Rachel's letters has just been printed in the *Revue Politique et Littéraire*. Max O'Rell's new volume, the "Chers Voisins," has appeared, and is likely to have the same success as his "John Bull and his Island." In the new book the author says some new and amusing things upon the relations of France and England, and endeavours to destroy a good many prejudices that have grown up on both sides of the Channel.

All the theatres have reopened except the Porte St. Martin, where a complete refitting will delay the beginning of the season until next month. It is not the custom for the Parisian theatres to present novelties before October, for as most of them are closed during July and August, and the companies scattered about at seashore and mountain, no rehearsals can take place until these wanderers return. In the olden time, when there was no summer closing, new pieces were often produced in warm weather, and the custom was to at least have a novelty ready for Sept. 1, at which date the winter season was supposed to begin. Now, the theatrical season is only ten months, and some of the critics foresee the time when it will be only six or eight—to the great detriment of art, they cry. The Variétés has reopened with a new piece called "Mr. Govet's Shipwreck," which has been written to give full play to the Hanlon-Lees' eccentricities. When these very clever acrobats were here six years ago they had a complete success; but their new farce, although written by the same authors, Messrs. Blum and Toché, has met with a very cool reception. Is it the fault of the piece, or a change in the public taste? A little of both. Daudet's "Sapho," dramatised by himself and Belot, is to be the principal card at the Gymnase this winter, in place of M. Ohnet's "Countess Sarah," which is not yet ready. Shakespeare is not to be neglected this season. At the Français Paul Meurice's adaptation of "Hamlet" is nearly ready; while at the Odéon Mlle. Rousseil has appeared as Lady Macbeth. The first novelty at this theatre is to be "An April Tale," adapted from the "Twelfth Night," by M. Auguste Dorchain; and later on the "Midsummer Night's Dream," which has never been played in French, will be given with Mendelssohn's music. M. Marais has comprehended that his position at the Français would not be an agreeable one, forced in as he was by M. Turquet, and so his engagement has been cancelled by common consent. The reason given is that the temporary administrator, M. Kuempfen, would not revive for M. Marais's début Ponsard's "Lion Amoureux," which has not been played for many years. M. Duc, a new tenor, has made a successful début at the Grand Opéra.

There have been several deaths among notable persons during the week: M. Egger, a distinguished Greek scholar, professor, and member of the Institute; M. Couche, chief engineer of the Water Board; M. Lepère, Minister of the Interior in the first Ministry formed by President Grévy, in 1879; M. Bouteiller, ex-President of the Municipal Council, and translator of several English works for Hachette; M. Pingard, Secretary of the Institute since 1820; and Hortense Balthazar, a famous actress in the rôle of coquettes at the old Vaudeville.

King Humbert was present on Tuesday at the manoeuvres of the 1st and 2nd Army Corps at Carimate.—In presence of the Pope, the bronze statue of St. Peter was on the 3rd inst. placed on the summit of the column erected in the Vatican Gardens, Rome, to commemorate the Œcumenical Council of 1870.

King Alfonso arrived at Madrid from La Granja last Saturday, and was received at the railway station by the Ministers and the civil and military authorities. His Majesty proceeded to the palace accompanied by a small escort. A large crowd gathered along the route, and raised shouts of

"Long live Spain!" The King was greeted with cheers. Perfect order prevailed.—A deep sensation was caused at Madrid by the receipt on Friday week of the telegram announcing the seizure of the island of Yap by a German gun-boat. Serious results followed, ending in a riot on the part of the Madrid populace and an attack upon the German Legation. It appears that the disturbers of the peace received the openly expressed approval of the military clubs. The riot assuming extraordinary proportions, the troops were called out, and fifty-four arrests were made by the police.—On Sunday 2132 fresh cases of cholera, and 619 deaths from the epidemic, occurred in Spain. A telegram from Madrid announces the death of Señor De Posada Herrera, the eminent statesman.

The German Emperor returned to Berlin last Saturday evening after attending military manoeuvres. The Empress left Berlin on Monday morning for Baden, and the Emperor, with the Crown Prince, followed on Wednesday night to attend the autumn manoeuvres of the Baden Army Corps.

The Emperor of Austria left Vienna on Monday evening for Klagenfurt, to visit the Carinthian Exhibition. At the end of the week his Majesty goes to superintend the military manoeuvres in Hungary.—The manoeuvres near Vienna terminated with the success of the Crown Prince with the eastern corps. He succeeded by fine tactics in securing all the important positions, and by a keen cavalry attack in taking the whole artillery of the opposing body, so that even the general plan of the manoeuvres was disconcerted. The Crown Prince of Austria met with a carriage accident last Saturday evening. He was returning to Laxenburg from the manoeuvres at St. Pölten, when on the road near Schönbrunn the horses of his open carriage bolted. The carriage was thrown into the ditch on the roadside, and the Prince received a slight injury on his left hand and was much shaken, but not otherwise hurt.—The Austrian Reichsrath will open on Oct. 2, and the Hungarian Parliament will begin its session in the last week of this month.

The Emperor and Empress of Russia reached Copenhagen on Sunday morning, having travelled from Drøger with the King of Denmark and the Crown Prince in their yacht. Amongst those who assembled to welcome his Majesty was the Princess of Wales, who had arrived at Elsinore on Saturday afternoon, and proceeded with the Queen to Fredensborg Castle.

President Cleveland has returned to the White House, Washington, after a holiday of several weeks.—Owing to lack of wind, Monday's match between the Puritan and the Genesta, off Sandy Hook, was postponed to Tuesday, when just before the two craft crossed the starting line the Genesta's bowsprit ran through the American yacht's mainsail, and snapped off short. A further postponement was thus rendered necessary.

General Prestan, the rebel leader, who set fire to Aspinwall during the recent revolution in the United States of Colombia, has been convicted and hanged.

The Hon. T. Upington, Premier of Cape Colony, left Capetown on the 3rd inst. for England on board the Norham Castle. Sir Thomas Scanlen, the late Premier, had previously arrived here.

The Viceroy of India, on leaving Simla, will make a tour in Rajputana and the North-Western provinces, reaching Calcutta on Dec. 5.—Intelligence from St. Petersburg confirms the abdication of the Ameer of Bokhara in favour of his second son, Turani Khan.

## MILK FAIR, ST. JAMES'S PARK.

Londoners who love the relics of old-fashioned habits and customs in town have lately been called upon to disapprove of an official decision which threatened to abolish one of the most familiar features of St. James's Park. "The Mall," a broad gravel walk half a mile long, partly an avenue of trees, extending along the north side of that Park from Spring-gardens to the Green Park and Buckingham Palace, and passing behind Carlton House-terrace, the Duke of York's monument, Marlborough House, and St. James's Palace, was a fashionable promenade in the time of the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*, and a row of fine old trees grew where Carlton-House-terrace now stands. At that time, as we learn from still earlier examples, the Duchess of Portsmouth having amused herself with keeping a dairy in Lincoln's-inn-fields, there was a fancy among ladies of the upper rank for drinking fresh milk, which was supposed to improve their complexions. It is mentioned in literary gossip of the year 1700 that cows were brought daily, for the indulgence of this taste, to the end of the Mall near Spring-gardens, which soon got the name of "Milk Fair"; and the noisy cries of the milk-sellers disturbed polite conversation. But we learn by further researches that the origin of "Milk Fair" can be traced so far back as 1666, in Charles II.'s reign. The six stalls, opposite the back of Carlton House-terrace, occupied in our days by persons having special permission from the Ranger of the Park, his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, had come by long usage to be regarded, in several cases, almost as held by hereditary tenure, the privileged persons being family descendants of those who had enjoyed the same favour in the last century. Their traffic was not strictly confined to milk, but included ginger-beer and lemonade, fruit, cakes, and sweets for the children, and has always been conducted in an orderly manner. The intended construction of the new Admiralty and War Office buildings on a site between Spring-gardens and the Parade will require the formation of a new road of approach on the west side, and for this purpose, it seems, the ground hitherto allotted to "Milk Fair" will be required by Government. Orders were therefore issued for the removal of all the stalls by the end of August, and four of them were accordingly demolished by the park-keepers last week, as the occupants refused to take them away. An exception was specially claimed on behalf of two elderly women, sisters, Miss Burry and Mrs. Kitchen, who have been there a great many years, and whose grandmother, widow of a coachman in the service of King George III., enjoyed the same privilege before them, until her death at the age of ninety-two. Indeed, they say that their great-grandmother, a Mrs. Cox, was in possession of a stall here quite a hundred and fifty years ago. They are most respectable and intelligent persons; each has her cow, which is kept at night in a cow-shed near their residences in Westminster, and is fed by day with grass from the lawn-cuttings of some of the private gardens in the neighbourhood. We are happy to announce, from inquiries made last Wednesday, that Mrs. Kitchen and Miss Burry are not to be disturbed at present; and it is expected that, when their two stalls must needs be removed, a better place will be given them within a small railled inclosure close by, where they will be under the shade of trees, and out of the dust. The four other stall-keepers, whose case excited some popular indignation when their property was cleared away last week, are to receive a sufficient money compensation. The Duke of Cambridge is one of the kindest-hearted men in England, and was not likely to carry out a necessary measure with undue harshness, when fully informed of the circumstances of the case.

## OBITUARY.

SIR CHARLES WHETHAM.

Sir Charles Whetham, Alderman of London, J.P. for Dorset, died at his residence, 52, Gordon-square, on the 4th inst., aged seventy-three. He was son of Mr. Stephen Whetham, flax and hemp manufacturer, of Bridport, and was one of the firm of S. Whetham and Sons, of that town, and of Gracechurch-street, London. Member for many years of the Common Council, he was nominated Sheriff of London and Middlesex in 1873; received the honour of knighthood consequent on the visit of the Emperor of Russia; and in 1878-9 filled the civic chair. While Lord Mayor he was created a Knight Commander of the Austrian Order of Francis Joseph in recognition of his efforts for the sufferers by the floods in Hungary; and in the same year unsuccessfully contested, as a Conservative, the representation of his native town, Bridport. He was chairman of the National Provident Institution, and one of the Conservators of the Thames. He married, in 1836, Sophia Maria, only daughter of Mr. George Langley, and leaves issue.

MR. THOMAS THORNEYCROFT.

Mr. Thomas Thorneycroft, of Moreton House, Melbury-road, Kensington, an eminent sculptor, and father of Mr. Hamo Thorneycroft, A.R.A., died on the 30th ult. His works are numerous and highly prized, the chief and best known are "Medea," "Alfred the Great," his group for the Albert Memorial, and his statue of Lady Elizabeth Stanhope. He married Mary, daughter of Mr. John Francis, a lady of great ability and genius, whose model of "Sappho" and a "Sleeping Child," and her "Girl Skipping," attracted public admiration.

MR. SIDNEY LOCOCK.

Mr. Sidney Locock, H.M. Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Emperor of Brazil, died at Southwick-street, Hyde Park, on the 30th ult., from the effects of a recent sunstroke at Belgrade. He was born May 14, 1834, the fourth son of the late Sir Charles Locock, M.D., F.R.S., D.C.L., first Physician Accoucheur to the Queen, on whom a baronetcy was conferred in 1857. He entered the Diplomatic Service in 1853, and, after holding several minor appointments, was nominated Secretary of Embassy at Constantinople, in 1872. In 1874 he became Minister-Resident and Consul-General to the Republics of Guatemala, Costa Rica, Honduras, Nicaragua, and Salvador; in 1881, Minister-Resident in Servia. He married, in 1850, Abbie, daughter of the Rev. Jonas King, D.D., of Athens, and leaves issue.

MR. ROWSELL.

Mr. Francis William Rowsell, C.B., C.M.G., died on the 4th inst. at the Grosvenor Hotel, of dysentery contracted in India. He was born in 1838, the son of the late Mr. Samuel William Rowsell, and was in early life appointed to a clerkship in the Admiralty. In 1862, he was called to the Bar, was from 1870 to 1879 Director of Naval Contracts, and from 1879 British Commissioner of the Egyptian State Domain. He received the decoration of C.B. in 1879 and that of C.M.G. in 1880. He had also the second class Osmanieh. Mr. Rowsell served on various Commissions, among others, the Royal Commission to inquire into Administrative Departments of the Courts of Justice, and those to inquire into the fiscal and administrative arrangements of Malta, and into the London Workhouse Contracts. He married, in 1866, Harriette Emily, daughter of Mr. W. J. Lancaster, of Stamford-hill.

COLONEL YOLLAND.

Colonel William Yolland died on the 4th inst., at Baddesley Vicarage, Warwickshire. The deceased officer, who was born in 1810, was admitted into the Royal Academy at Woolwich, where he obtained his commission in the Royal Engineers in 1823. He became Lieutenant-Colonel in 1855, and a Brevet-Colonel in 1858. After being employed in Canada till 1835, he was engaged on the Ordnance Survey at the Tower of London, at Southampton, Dublin, and Enniskillen. During this interval, he superintended the publication of astronomical observations. He also compiled an account of the measurement of the Loch Foyle base, which was made during the years 1827-9. The article on Geodesy, which forms part of the mathematical text-book used at the Royal Military College, was written by Colonel Yolland. In 1851 Colonel Yolland was appointed one of the inspectors of railways under the Board of Trade. In 1856 he was selected as the engineer member of the commission appointed by the Secretary of State for War to consider the best mode of reorganising the system of training officers of the scientific corps, with the special intention of abolishing patronage and opening the commissions in those corps to competition.

THE PRESIDENT OF MAGDALEN COLLEGE.

The Rev. Frederic Bulley, D.D., for thirty years President of St. Mary Magdalen College, Oxford, died on the 3rd inst., at Marston Hill, near Fairford, aged seventy-five. He graduated in 1829, became soon after a Fellow of his College, and succeeded Dr. Routh in the presidency of Magdalen. He was on many occasions a member of the Hebdomadal Council.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Thomas Southgate, Q.C., at Buxton, on the 3rd inst., aged sixty-six. He was called to the Bar in 1843, and given silk in 1862.

Colonel John Thomas Ord, of Fornham House, Suffolk, J.P., Loyal Suffolk Hussars, on the 28th ult., at his seat near Bury St. Edmunds.

Mr. Arthur Bigge, for many years stipendiary magistrate of Brighton, on the 28th ult., aged sixty-seven. He was sixth son of Lieutenant-Colonel Charles William Bigge, of Linden, Northumberland, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff 1802.

Lieutenant-Colonel Richard Henry FitzHerbert, of Somersal Herbert, Derbyshire, J.P. and D.L., second son of the late Sir Henry FitzHerbert, Bart., of Tissington, on the 2nd inst., in his seventy-sixth year. He was formerly in the Rifle Brigade.

Colonel Charles Ratcliff, of Lancaster-gate, late of Wyddrington, Edgbaston, Warwickshire, J.P. and D.L., barrister-at-law, for many years Lieutenant-Colonel 1st Warwickshire Rifle Volunteers, on the 28th ult., at Matlock, aged sixty-eight. He was brother of the late Sir John Ratcliff, of Wyddrington, and married to the youngest daughter of Sir William Jardine, Bart.

Mr. Robert Jebb, barrister-at-law, late counsel to the Inland Revenue, Ireland, third son of the Hon. Mr. Justice Jebb, of the King's Bench, Dublin, on the 29th ult., aged seventy-seven. He married Emily Harriett, daughter of the Very Rev. Henneage Horsley, Dean of Brechin, and leaves issue. His eldest son, Richard Claverhouse Jebb, was Public Orator at Cambridge, and subsequently Professor of Greek at Glasgow.

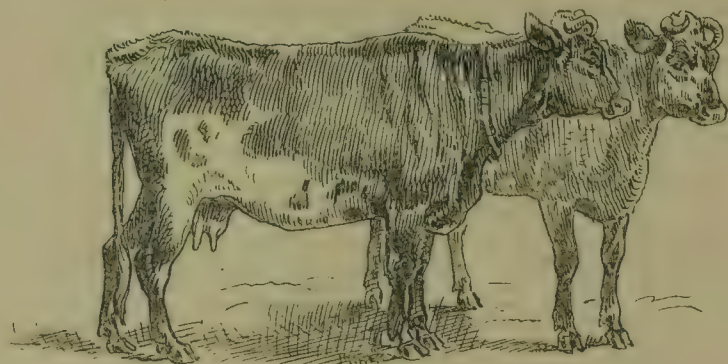
The tenth session of the International Institute was opened at Brussels on Monday evening, England being represented by Sir Travers Twiss.

Parliament, New South Wales, has been opened by the Governor, Lord Augustus Loftus, who, in his speech on the occasion, congratulates the colony on its continued prosperity, notwithstanding the severe drought which had been experienced.





Indignation Meeting  
"What do the papers say?"



"Brindle" & "Polly"



Warm milk 2d. a glass.



ABOLITION of MILK FAIR.  
THE 2 REMAINING STALLS.



An evicted proprietress in the ruins of her stall.

S. T. Dadd.



Saying: Good-bye!

DIR. PHO. ENG. CO.



## A RAILWAY IN COLORADO.

To the west of Denver, by the Colorado Central Railway, the traveller to Black Hawk and Central City passes the Rocky Mountains, entering one of those ravines called canyons or cañons in the region of North America which was formerly Spanish-Mexican, and of which there are many, presenting the wildest and most romantic scenery of that kind. Clear Creek, which is a mountain stream, perhaps not so clear now as it was before mining operations began, divides higher up into a north and south branch, the latter flowing past Idaho Springs and Georgetown, the former descending from the "Middle Park," which we have described, by "Central" and Black Hawk, and on by "Golden" to Denver. The hills are rich in silver ore; and mining shafts, stamp-mills, and inhabited houses, are seen in many places along the road. The railway, a single narrow-gauge line, winds through the deep and tortuous passage which the torrent has cut for itself between high perpendicular walls of rock, ascending in twenty-five miles an elevation of 3000 ft. to Central City. Our illustration, from one of the Rev. Brooke Herford's Sketches, gives a view of the line at a part where the gradient is 200 ft. in a mile. The contrast between this part of Colorado and the vast plains of Kansas, Nebraska, and Missouri, across which the traveller may have passed in his previous journey, is very striking. As an American writer says, "This is no single ridge of heights, to be ascended and crossed in a single day, but a convoluted network of crags and cliffs and peaks, where Alps on Alps arise in seeming chaotic confusion; not one ridge, but many, with mountains in masses and clusters, and isolated mountains piercing the clouds; mountains now presenting a regular succession of crests, now swerving into a curved range of fifty or a hundred miles, now twisting like an enormous serpent, with mighty deformed vertebrae; while in the folds of this rock-ribbed region, encircled by the snowy Alps, and surrounded by lesser wooded mountains, lie the Parks of Colorado, valleys and plateaux 6000 ft. or 8000 ft. above the level of the sea, but larger than some of the New England States; sheltered valleys, with a climate so mild, it is said, that cat's need not be housed in winter, though we believe it is very cold at night; but where grain and vegetables are cultivated, and the flowers grow in full beauty. Higher up, at an elevation of 11,000 ft. or 12,000 ft., and thence to the highest summits, is naked rock patched with masses of snow—huge fields and banks of snow, which on the northern and eastern faces of the cliffs, and in the deeper interstices, the sun of summer can never quite melt away."

## SNOWDON.

A good deal has been heard during the present season of the crowding of tourists into Scotland, but less of their influx into North Wales, which has been proportionately as great. Of course, the field of exploration in the Principality is limited, and there are no such broad expanses as the Cumberland lakes and the Caledonian lochs to charm the eye; though the view from the railway bridge at Barmouth across the wide estuary of the Mawddach river, when the tide is up, will vie in picturesque combinations and variety with the surroundings of Derwentwater or the head of Loch Lomond. Like the Lake District, Snowdon is a microcosm, complete in itself. By help of railways and coaches, the circuit of the whole district may be made without fatigue, in three or four days, from Llandudno Junction to Bettws-y-Coed by the unique Toy Railway to Festiniog and Portmadoc, and thence by the coast-line skirting the Menai Straits to Carnarvon, Bangor, Aber, and the well-known watering-places of Llanfairfechan and Penmaenmawr. Many a holiday-maker, pressed for time, is perforce content with this superficial view of the romantic beauty and rugged grandeur of North Wales. But he may get a nearer view of the inner mountainous region by means of the coaches that ply from Bettws through the wild pass of Llanberis, or along the shore of Lake Gwynant, skirting one of the massive shoulders of Snowdon itself, into the lovely vale of Beddgelert; or, by the same vehicular facilities, he can start from Carnarvon, and spend a day in traversing the district around the base of the

great mountain. Taking Bangor as another point of departure, he will get a passing view of the extensive slate quarries at Bethesda on the one side, and of the huge masses of Carnedd Llewellyn and Dafydd on the other, through the desolate Nant Francon Pass, which terminates at Lake Ogwen, and onwards under the shadow of the Glyders to the barren tableland of Capel Curig and the lovely valley of Bettws. A few days, as we have said, will suffice for this limited examination of Snowdon; and the hurried tourist must be satisfied with such accommodation as can be got at the not too spacious hotels—a contingency always to be borne in mind during the month of July, and still more in August, when visitors swarm throughout North Wales.

A holiday of three or four weeks suffices, but is not more than enough, to make near acquaintance with the mountains and ravines, the dizzy precipices, charming valleys, and

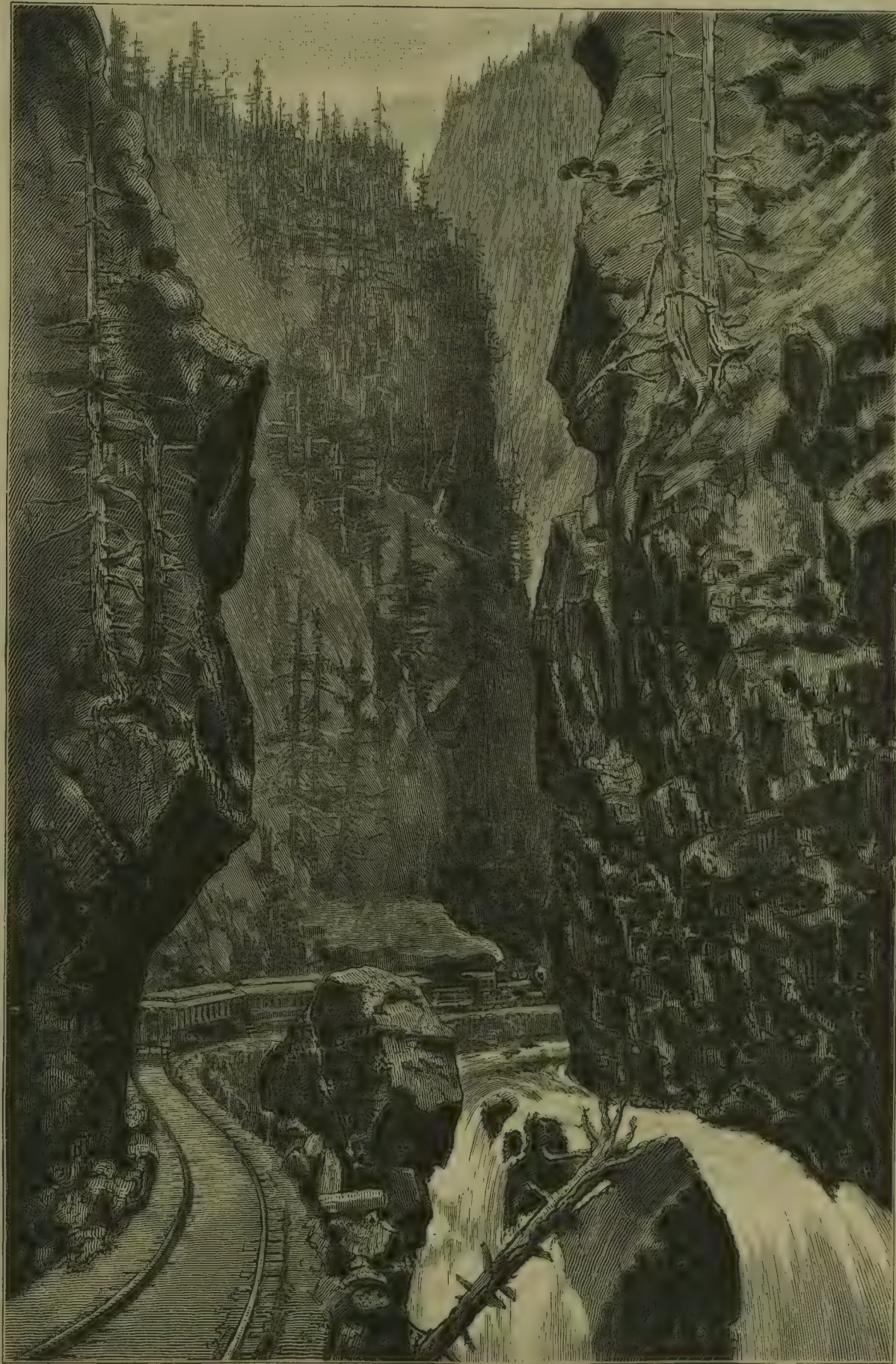
the comforts of home. Daily excursions of from ten to twenty miles will suffice in a week to exhaust the more accessible charms of a wide district. At Bettws-y-Coed, for instance, where villa residences increase year by year—it has become one long street of hotels and lodging-houses—visitors who do not object to a somewhat relaxing air may secure all needful domestic advantages while engaged in exploring the heights and woods above them, in which many a tarn lies hidden, and from which occasional grand views can be obtained; or he can follow the picturesque course of the Llugwy, the Conway, or the Lledr, and their waterfalls and glens. If the masses of the two Carneddys or Talyfan are to be scaled, they may be approached from the rear of Penmaenmawr, or, better still, from Aber, the "gateway" to the mountains. A more convenient centre is Capel Curig, on a high plateau, and in a bracing atmosphere. All about here is classic

ground. In the rear of and almost overshadowing the chief hotel is Moel Siabod (2865 feet), not difficult to climb; and hard by the roadside are two lakes, sacred to members of the gentle craft. Turn to the right towards Bangor, and at a distance of five miles are Idwal and Ogwen lakes, with the rocky mass of Tryfan on the left, and the bare ridges of the Carnedd range as a background. Keeping straight on, the two Glyders, which slant upward to an apparently indefinite height, form a vast rampart. On the left hand and on the near horizon is the majestic outline of Snowdon, with its symmetrical proportions—the unchallenged monarch of Welsh mountains. All these places and many more will be familiar to the readers of Charles Kingsley (especially in "Two Years Ago"), who industriously fished the waters and clambered the heights herabouts for botanical specimens, and made the rocky mass of Tryfan, Idwal, and the Devil's Kitchen the scene of an exciting story.

What Walter Scott was to Lochs Katrine and Lomond, Charles Kingsley was to this section of Snowdon. A few miles further is Pen-y-gwryd, which is said to occupy the highest ground (970 ft.) of any hostelry in England and Wales. This hotel, at the junction of the roads to the Pass of Llanberis, Beddgelert, and Capel Curig, being near the finest route in ascending Snowdon, is the rendezvous of coaches and waggons, and is thronged throughout the season. It was by this route that Professors Tyndall and Huxley made their perilous ascent of Snowdon in the Christmas holidays of 1860, snow all around them, and the huts at the summit of Y Wyddfa (3570 ft.) cased in ice, and beheld a weird sunrise—"a scene," says Dr. Tyndall, "which would bear comparison with the splendours of the Alps themselves." Very different has been the experience of visitors during the past month. Every fine day they trooped up the buttresses of the great mountain from Pen-y-gwryd (the steepest route); Llanberis (the easiest), or Beddgelert (the most ticklish), some with but most without guides, on pony or on foot, a five-miles' ascent but with little risk except sudden mists. It is a toilsome but not always a successful feat. Sunshine

may favour you with brilliant views till you clamber the last peak, when, in a moment, a dense cloud will close around it, and entirely hide the view and pierce your bones, for which costly bottled beer or a cup of tea is inadequate consolation. We have known people, after waiting an hour in shivering expectation, obliged to retrace their steps without seeing aught. Yet there were days during the past month when Y Wyddfa shone in all her clear beauty of outline, and hundreds must have beheld the vast panorama under the most favourable circumstances.

Near at hand are to be seen the lesser ridges of Snowdon, and their many lakes, which are like molten silver when the declining sun is reflected in them, as well as lovely valleys marked out as in a map. One of the former is Crib Coch, to the narrow serrated ridge of which (2900 ft.) some adventurous tourists a week or two ago crawled up, on hands and knees, at serious risk—to say nothing of the descent. It may be a myth, though confidently alleged, that a corner of Scotland and the Wicklow hills in Ireland are to be seen on a clear day; but Scafell Pike, in the Lake



A RAILWAY IN COLORADO.

UP CLEAR CREEK CANYON, GRADE 200 FEET PER MILE.

secluded tarns of Snowdon. Of course, the pedestrian, knapsack at back, well shod and with sound lungs, not afraid of bogs, and armed with an alpenstock, can best make the exploration. He must be content to rough it, for he can hardly expect to be so welcome at the road-side inns as those who are staying on for a term; but he is free to ramble and explore out of the beaten track, and is sure to be well recompensed for his enterprise and fatigue. He will not trouble much about the show-places, such as the Fairy Glen of Bettws and Lloyd's Pulpit Rock, near Festiniog—each the scene of a recent deplorable accident, owing to insecure safeguards; the Swallow Falls on the way to Capel Curig, which every coach passenger in that district has the chance of seeing; or even the waterfall at Aber, also associated with several painful tragedies. But he will find at least half-a-dozen mountains worth climbing, gloomy passes and secluded glens rarely visited, and lovely tarns only accessible to those who perseveringly seek them out.

But by alternately settling down at various centres, it is possible to combine these advantages with companionship and



District, is distinctly visible, and, in a north-westerly direction, the Isle of Man; and, of course, the island of Anglesey and a long stretch of the west and south coast of Wales, with a limitless expanse of sea beyond, can be easily traced. Most of the mountains whose names we have given may be identified by an experienced eye with the aid of an ordnance map; while, turning south, there are heights after heights; Moelwyn and Cynicht (the so-called Matterhorn of Wales) being conspicuous, with the distant ridges of Cader Idris—Plinlimmon peeping over its eastern shoulder—bounding the view, and, further west, Yr Aran, Harlech Castle, and the long stretch of coast and headlands in Cardigan Bay. Such a scene—embracing all the mountainous region of North Wales and its innumerable lakes—will repay the climber for the toil of several ascents and remain fixed in his remembrance.

Snowdon is a serviceable playground for the angler, botanist, geologist, and antiquarian. Distinct traces of glacial action are to be found on Snowdon, the Glyders, and Tryfan, and especially at Llyn Idwal, the waters of which are dammed up by a terminal moraine, while its basin was, in the great Ice Age, according to Professor Ramsay, ground out by a glacier. Scores of mountains and vales have their legends of battles fought between rival chiefs, of Princes who have

vanquished, or succumbed to English invaders, and of incidents involving the fate of Welsh patriots and fair damsels. None knew better than the late Charles Kingsley the prolific flora of the region he loved so well, and the infinite variety of ferns that find shelter beneath its rocks, or nestle in its glens. His visits were as frequent as a busy life and onerous claims would allow; and, running wild in Snowdon, he rarely failed to renovate his health. The visitors' book at Penygwryd contains evidence of his boisterous spirits when, in company with the late Tom Taylor and veteran Tom Hughes—the survivor of the trio—they explored the whole district, and gave their impressions singly and jointly in some doggerel and rollicking verses, which have been more than once printed, of which the following is a specimen. The initials will be easily identified:—

T. T.  
I came to Penygwryd with colours armed and pencils,  
But found no use whatever for any such utensils;  
So in default of them I took to using knives and forks,  
And made successful drawings—of Mrs. Owen's corks.

C. K.  
I came to Penygwryd in frantic hopes of slaying  
Grise, salmon, 3 lb. red-fleshed trout, and what else there's no saying;  
But bitter cold and lashing rain, and black nor' eastern skies, Sir,  
Drove me from fish to botany, a sadder man and wiser.

T. H.  
I came to Penygwryd a-larking with my betters,  
A mad wag and a mad poet, both of them men of letters;  
Which two ungrateful parties, after all the care I've took  
Of them, made me write verses in Henry Owen's book.

Those who have visited North Wales this season—and we daresay the remark is equally applicable to the Lakes and Scotland—will bear witness to the great increase of knapsack touring among both sexes. Now-a-days, ladies, to a great extent, undertake toilsome trips, ascending mountains, or penetrating their recesses, exploring difficult passes, or crossing boggy soil, with the utmost sang-froid; nor is there fear that they will be molested by honest Taffy, when they venture in twos and threes into Nature's solitudes, even without the protection of the sterner sex. How much better and more rational is this health-giving practice than the frivolous and inane life—the fashionable dressing and promenading, dissipation and flirting—which is characteristic of the holiday season at so many of our watering-places.

The Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz and the Duchess, who is a sister of the Duke of Cambridge, celebrated, on Monday, the twenty-fifth anniversary of their accession.

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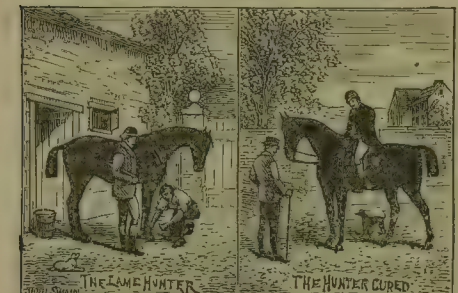
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DRAWN BY W. H. OVEREND.

She lifted my two bound hands and held them gently in her own.

## THE MASTER OF THE MINE.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN,

AUTHOR OF "GOD AND THE MAN," "THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD," &amp;c.

The visions of the earth were gone and fled—  
He saw the giant Sea above his head.—*Keats' Endymion.*

### CHAPTER XXI.

#### THE INQUEST.

For "Murder"? The very word paralysed me; and I looked at the man in utter consternation.

"What do you mean?" I cried, recoiling. "Who are you?"

"I'll tell you all about that presently," replied the fellow, coolly. "In the first place, are you going to make a shindy, or are you coming along quietly?"

As he spoke, two policemen in uniform entered the room. He nodded to them; and, with the utmost sangfroid, felt in his pocket and drew out a pair of handcuffs.

"Oh, Hugh!" cried Annie, wildly. "What is it? What have you done?"

Without answering her, I looked wildly at the men; then, acting on a mad impulse and quite without reflection, I rushed to the door. In a moment the men threw themselves upon me, and there was a brief but fierce struggle; but my strength was of no avail, and in a couple of minutes I was overpowered and handcuffed.

The man in plain clothes, who had first addressed me, looked at me with a grim smile.

"You're a bold chap," he said; "but it's no use. You'd have done much better to have come along quietly. Now look here. I've got to tell you that, whatever you say, from this moment forward, will be used in evidence against you."

"For God's sake, explain!" I answered. "What does it all mean? Who is murdered?"

The man smiled again.

"Lord bless us, how innocent we are! You'll be telling us next that your name aint Hugh Trelawney, late overseer of the St. Gurlott mine."

"Trelawney is my name, but"—

"Of course it is; and Trelawney's the name of the man we want—the name on this here warrant. My duty is to apprehend you for the murder of Mr. Ephraim S. Johnson, the new overseer, who took your place."

"Johnson!—murdered!" I cried. "It is impossible!"

"Oh, no, it aint," returned the imperturbable official.

"Deceased was found at the foot of the cliffs, with his brains knocked out, and bearing on his body signs of violence; worse than that, he'd been stabbed with a knife; and once more, you're the party we want for having done the job."

Utterly amazed and horrified, I staggered and fell into a chair. As for Annie, she seemed completely petrified. I can see her white face now—frozen, tearless, and aghast!

There was a pause of several minutes. Certain of his prisoner, the officer looked on quietly, and allowed me

breathing time. Gradually, my brain cleared, and I became comparatively calm.

"I will go with you," I said, "but I am perfectly innocent. Until this moment, I never even heard of this horrible affair."

"Of course not," returned the officer, cheerfully. "That's what they all say, young man; and for the matter o' that, every man's innocent till the law proves him guilty."

"But I was not even there. I left St. Gurlott's two days ago."

"Exactly," was the dry retort; "you hooked it the very night of the murder. The body was found early on the morning of the 23rd, and the warrant was issued yesterday."

As he spoke, I seemed to feel the net closing round me. At first the very accusation had seemed preposterous; now, I began to understand that my position was one of extreme peril. If Johnson had really been murdered, and on that night, as now seemed clear, I could not escape suspicion by a mere alibi. I remembered, with a thrill of horror, my last meeting with the murdered man, just before my departure; and my heart sank within me.

I knew my own innocence—but who was guilty? As I asked myself the question, I looked again at Annie, who was still watching me intently; and in a moment, as if by an inspiration, I thought of her father! Had John Pendragon, in a moment of madness, taken the life of the man whom he suspected of betraying his daughter? The thought was almost too horrible for belief—yet, alas! it was not unreasonable.

"Now, then, are you ready?" said the officer, placing his hand upon my shoulder.

I rose quietly. As I did so, Annie sprang towards me with outstretched hands.

"Hugh! dear Hugh! tell me you did not do it! I cannot—cannot believe that you are guilty."

As I looked at her, all my spirit darkened and hardened against her.

"When the time comes," I said, solemnly, "may you be as well able to answer for your deeds as I shall answer for mine. The trouble began with you. If murder has been done, it is your doing also—remember that!"

They were cruel words, and afterwards I bitterly regretted them; but I was thinking of her father, and remembering how bitter must be her blame, if, by any possibility, he had been driven into crime and violence as a consequence of her conduct. Whether she understood me or not, I cannot tell; but, hiding her face in her hands, she sank on a couch, hysterically sobbing.

What followed seemed more like an extraordinary dream than cruel waking reality! I was led from the house, placed

in a cab, and driven away. That very afternoon I left London by train, and late that night was handed over, handcuffed and helpless, to the authorities of Falmouth Jail.

It is a truism, I know, that the best consolation to be found by the unjustly accused is the consciousness of their own innocence—a consciousness which is said to sweeten suffering, and lighten the weight of prison chains. My own experience is that innocence has no such effect on a man indicted for the foulest of human crimes. My first night in jail was, like many that followed it, a night of simple horror. Had I really been guilty, I could not have suffered a tithe of what I actually endured.

To begin with, the whole affair was so horrible, so unexpected; it was like the solid earth opening under my feet to destroy me and swallow me up. By a strange fatality, Johnson had been killed on the very night of my departure, and at a time when I was known to bear the greatest hostility towards him. Remembering all I had read of men unjustly convicted and even executed on circumstantial evidence, I thought with a shudder of how my very departure might be construed into evidence against me.

In the extremity of my position, one thought haunted me with tormenting cruelty. What would Madeline think, when she heard that I was accused of a crime so terrible, so cowardly? I could bear everything else but the fear that her heart might be turned against me.

My suspense did not last long. The very next day after my arrival at Falmouth Jail, I was taken from the prison, and placed in a dog-cart, with a policeman at my side and another on the seat beside the driver. An inquest on the body of the murdered man was to take place that day at St. Gurlott's; and, of course, my presence was necessary.

How vividly I remember that drive! Snow had fallen in the night, and the skies were dark and sunless; the whole prospect bitterly cold and desolate. We followed the same road that I had pursued long years before, in company with John Rudd! Then I was a lonely boy; now I was a melancholy man.

I wore a large ulster-coat, the folds of which covered the handcuffs on my hands; but I fancied that every soul we passed knew the truth—that I was a criminal accused of murder. Talk about the consciousness of innocence! I could have wept for shame.

What was a long day's journey by John Rudd's slow, old-fashioned waggon, with its innumerable stoppages for business, gossip, or refreshment, was a swift drive of five or six hours on this occasion. We started at six in the morning, and before mid-day were in sight of St. Gurlott's.

As we dashed through the village, I saw several of the



miners hanging about; but I carefully averted my eyes from theirs. A little further on, we passed the door of the cottage where I had dwelt so happily and so long; and I saw, with a sigh of relief, that there was no sign of anyone about. We trotted on, till we reached the gate of the avenue leading to Redruth House. Here, to my surprise, the horse was pulled up, while one of the men jumped down and threw open the gate.

We passed up the avenue at a slow trot, and, on arriving in front of Redruth House, found the front door wide open and a large number of people, both gentry and common people, flocking round the doorsteps and on the lawn. There was a murmur as I appeared. I looked round, but saw no face I knew.

"Now then, get down!" said my companion; and I alighted. As I did so, someone pressed forward, and I met the honest eyes of John Rudd. The poor fellow thrust out his hand to seize mine; then, finding that I was handcuffed, drew the hand hastily back and placed it on my shoulder.

"Dawn't be daveilhearted, Master Hugh!" he cried. "There be not a sawl in St. Gurlott's believes 'ee killed 'un. So cheer up, lad; they'll soon set 'ee free."

I thanked him, with tears standing in my eyes, for his kindness touched me. Then I was led into the house, and in a little while was facing the Coroner, in the great old-fashioned dining-hall, where the inquest was being held.

I forget many of the details of that miserable day. Only one thing I vividly remember—the sight of the dead man's body, stretched out for inspection in the kitchen. Why I was taken to see it I do not know; but I felt that I was closely watched as I bent over it. Poor Johnson! I freely forgave him all the trouble he had ever caused me, seeing the blood-stained and disfigured mass which had once been his living self!

As the inquest proceeded, I realised the full extent of my peril. Several of the men came forward (unwillingly enough, I am bound to say), and testified to my having quarrelled with the murdered man and knocked him down. Then the young master, George Redruth, gave his testimony—to the effect that I had been dismissed from the overseership, and that I bore a violent grudge against the man who had supplanted me. Finally, it was proved that I had left St. Gurlott's some time on the very night of the murder, which was not discovered until the following morning.

Among the witnesses examined was my aunt. She looked utterly overcome with grief, and, on seeing me, would have sprung to and embraced me hysterically had she not been withheld. Her husband, it was shown, was too ill to attend; but as his evidence would have simply corroborated hers, his absence was deemed unimportant. All she had to say concerned merely my movements on the fatal night, and the Coroner elicited from her the fact that as late as nine in the evening I had been in the neighbourhood of the mine.

Vague and circumstantial as all the evidence was, it was sufficient to decide the jury against me. Dazed and horrified, I heard them bring in their verdict—a verdict of Wilful Murder against "Hugh Trelawney," who was straightway committed for trial at the next Assizes.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### MADLINE PROVES MY FRIEND.

After the inquest was over, I was led into a small room fitted up as a library, still handcuffed and still attended by the two policemen who had brought me over. They gave me refreshment—biscuits, which I did not touch, and a glass of wine, which I drank off eagerly.

Ever since my arrival at the house, I had been looking eagerly for some sign of Madeline Graham; but she had not appeared. While I sat apart, however, George Redruth entered the room, and after glancing at me with (I thought) a certain compassion, addressed me.

"This is a bad business, Trelawney," he said, looking very pale and agitated.

I glanced at him, but made no reply.

"Let me tell you, however," he continued, "that ugly as the evidence looks against you, I hope that you'll succeed in proving your innocence at the trial. I haven't much cause to love you, and poor Johnson had still less; but upon my word, I believe you incapable of such a crime as this."

"Thank you, Sir," I replied, trembling, for I could have borne his anger or indifference better than his sympathy. "You at least do me *that* justice!"

He nodded assent, and was about to say something more, when there was the rustle of a dress behind him, and with a quick start, and a sharp pain at the heart, I saw Madeline standing in the room. The sight of her was almost more than I could bear; I shook like a leaf, and my eyes filled with tears. The next moment she stepped forward with an eager cry of recognition, and both hands outreaching. Then, seeing that I was handcuffed, she uttered another cry—of grief and pain.

"Madeline!" cried her cousin, warningly; but she paid no attention. I had turned my head away, too ashamed to meet her gaze, but I felt, rather than saw, that she was gazing tenderly into my face.

When she spoke, her voice was broken and tearful.

"Mr. Trelawney! may I speak to you? May I tell you how my heart aches and bleeds for you, in your great trouble? May I assure you how deeply I believe—as all who know you must believe—in your innocence of such a crime?"

I turned my head and looked at her; my head swam, and the tears so blinded me that I could not see her.

"God bless you for saying that!" I murmured; and as I spoke, she lifted my two bound hands, and held them gently in her own.

"I could not believe that anyone would think it possible," she said. "I would have come before, but waited, expecting to see you set at liberty. But now I hear you are to be put upon your trial! Ah, do not fear! Have courage! Your innocence will be proved; and you will soon be a free man."

"Perhaps," I answered; "but whether or not, it is something to know that my innocence is believed in by *you*!"

"How could I doubt it? Dear Mr. Trelawney, I know you better even than you know yourself. No proof, however terrible, could shake my faith in one whom I know to be the bravest and best of men; one who is incapable of any baseness, one to whom, remember, I owe my life."

She turned to Redruth, who was looking on, I thought, rather uneasily.

"And my cousin is equally certain that you are falsely accused. George, speak to him! tell him!"

I looked at George Redruth: his brow was clouded, and his expression far less cordial than it had previously been.

"I have already told Trelawney what I think on the subject. Nevertheless, the evidence is ugly, as he is aware."

"But you *know* he is innocent!" cried Madeline.

"I *hope* so. Whoever took poor Johnson's life was a miserable and ruffianly coward, well deserving the gallows; and I can't fancy that Trelawney, in spite of his violent temper, is anything of the kind."

There was something in his manner, now, which aroused all the angry blood within me. His old superciliousness had

returned, and the compassion in his eyes had changed to hard dislike and suspicion. I could not trust myself to answer him, but, turning to the police officers, who sat by, I cried—

"How long am I to remain here? Take me away! For God's sake take me away!"

"All right," replied one of them. "The trap's at the door."

I rose to my feet, and then, setting my lips firm to conquer my agitation, I turned again to Madeline.

"Don't mind *me*, Miss Graham. I shall come through this trouble right enough, perhaps; and, whatever happens, I shan't forget your goodness. I cared for no one's good opinion but yours. I'm not the first innocent man, by many, who has had to face an unjust accusation, and answer it with his life; and what you have said to me will give me courage, perhaps, to bear the sorrow that's to come!"

Before I realised what she was doing, she had taken my hands again, had raised them to her lips, and kissed them!

"Don't! don't!" I cried, half sobbing. "I can't bear it! Here, lads, take me away!"

"Use him kindly," she cried, weeping, and addressing the officers. "Remember, he is a gentleman, and falsely accused."

"Don't be afraid, my lady," said the man who had previously spoken. "We'll look after him."

"And Mr. Trelawney—dear friend—do not think that, though we part now, I shall be idle. I am rich, remember, and whatever money can do for your defence shall be done by me. It is a poor return, indeed, for the life you gave me! Keep a good heart! Think that you have friends working for you, praying for you! Think that the happy time will soon come when you will be free again to return to those you love, who love you, and who will love you the better for a trouble bravely borne!"

In the rapture of that moment, I should have caught her in my arms, but I was helpless, and perhaps it was better so. Gently, but firmly, the officers led me from the room, and along the passage to the door, where the dog-cart was waiting. There was a crowd about the doorsteps, and when I appeared there was a sympathetic murmur.

The officers pushed me through the groups, and I mounted to my seat in the trap. Then I heard a wild cry, and saw my aunt, who rushed forward, reaching up her hands to touch mine.

"Hugh! my poor Hugh!" she sobbed.

"Don't cry, aunt," I said, forcing a smile. "They don't hang innocent men in England. I shall soon come back home!"

At that there was a faint hurrah, led by John Rudd. Several rough fellows from the mine rushed forward, reaching out their horny hands in honest sympathy.

"Cheer up, Measter Hugh! None o' us believes you killed 'un! Cheer up! We'll ha' you back in St. Gurlott's soon."

"Iss, that we will!" echoed John Rudd.

The officer had now mounted beside me; and his companion, who was seated by the driver, cried in a loud voice:

"Clear the way there! Let go her head!"

The horse, freshened by rest and a feed, bounded off, and I left the group of sympathisers behind—my poor aunt, half fainting, supported by John Rudd. But on the doorstep under the porch stood two figures, on which my eyes were rivetted till the last—George Redruth and Madeline Graham.

Madeline waved a white handkerchief. I could make no sign in return, but I watched her with streaming eyes till we entered the avenue, and the boughs of the leafless trees blotted her from my view.

Of that sad day's business, only one more vivid memory remains to me. Slight and trivial as the circumstance seemed at the time, I remembered it afterwards with a wondering thrill.

Our way back, like our way coming, lay past the old cottage. Quitting the gates of the great house, and leaving the dark avenue behind us, we rattled swiftly along the country road. The horse, being homeward bound, whirled us along at full speed; indeed, as the poet has it,

We seemed in running to devour the way.

As we approached the dear old cottage, I craned my neck round to look at it; the next moment we dashed past it; but in that moment I caught the glimpse of a ghastly white face looking out of one of the lower windows.

It was the face of my uncle, John Pendragon! As we passed, he seemed to give a wild start of recognition.

Then, looking back, I saw, before we were fifty yards away, a figure, wild and half dressed, running out across the garden to the gate, and looking after us. It was my uncle. He seemed dazed and stupefied. As we disappeared round a turning of the road, I fancied I caught the sound of a sharp cry, and simultaneously I saw him throw his two arms wildly up into the air!

(To be continued.)

## THE IRON AND STEEL INSTITUTE.

The autumnal meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute was held at Glasgow last week. Proceedings began on Tuesday, under the presidency of Dr. Percy, the members of the institute having been received at the Corporation Galleries by Bailey Bertram on behalf of the city, and the Earl of Glasgow on behalf of the west of Scotland. Several papers were read and discussed; Mr. Rowan and Mr. James Riley read papers giving an historical sketch of the rise and progress of the Scotch iron and steel trades respectively. After luncheon the members proceeded on excursions to places of interest in the neighbourhood.

On Wednesday Mr. Jones read a paper on the present position and prospects of processes for the recovery of tar and ammonia from blast furnaces, and a discussion ensued. Mr. Riley described a new form of cupola furnace, which, he claimed, had the effect of shortening the time necessary in the production of open hearth steel. In the afternoon the members proceeded on excursions, and in the evening the annual dinner of the Institute was held.

At Thursday's meeting Mr. Charles Wood read a paper on the value of silicon pig to the iron founder, and was followed by Mr. Biles with notes on steel shipbuilding, and by Mr. B. Baker with a paper on the Forth Bridge. In the subsequent discussion the important question of the relative merits of iron and steel was treated by several speakers. In the afternoon excursion parties visited the Crown Iron Works, the Glengarnock Steel Works and Young's paraffin oilworks at Addiewell; and in the evening the Lord Provost and Corporation of Glasgow held a conversazione in the Corporation Galleries of Art in honour of the visit of the members of the Institute.

Upon the invitation of the local reception committee the members participated on Friday in an excursion to Inverary. The party numbered about 1000, and were conveyed in the steamer Columba. Inverary Castle was visited, and the Duke of Argyll received the excursionists, and pointed out to them the various objects of interest. On the return journey the greater part of the company disembarked at Greenock, and subsequently proceeded to Glasgow by special train.

## IN AUTUMN.

The soft mild haze that means autumn has begun to gather at early morning and in late evening, and shrouds with its purple veil the tremulous distance between the trees, faintly disturbed every now and then when a glint of gold drifts past or an atom of scarlet falls, that makes us remember winter and the time that is coming, when all the trees will be bare, and the yellow and red and brown harvest of leaves will be scattered ankle-deep, or will fill the moat until the fish will be no more apparent as they still are on this quiet dreamy day, that is filled with the presence of the coming "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness."

It is surely not real life that surrounds us at the moment. Life, with its rush and tramp and stir, has nothing in common with the peaceful scene at which we are gazing: the air is full of the hum of bees, busy gathering in their store; the great sun-flowers, drooping disconsolately in the sunshine, have humble-bees with their long probosces hanging on them, and rilling the honey from their very hearts; while the late roses and luxuriantly growing verbenas are covered with bees and pale butterflies, flitting hither and thither, striving to make the best of the short time of happiness that is still their own; and the surface of the moat and the swans' pool beyond are alike disturbed by the wings of the swallows, as they dip and glide and manœuvre about as if to test their strength and to prepare for the long journey that is before them: watched, from the long line of mud nests under the eaves, by their wives and children, who gaze apprehensively out of the round holes as if doubting if it were yet time to leave their comfortable homes for the long unknown journey over the distant mournful sea. But there is little that is mournful yet in the scene before us: under the long grey wall—where mellow-tinted apricots and heavy purple and yellow plums are ripening rapidly, being all in a hurry lest they should not come to the perfection that is their final end and aim—scarlet and pink and white sceptre-like gladioli stand up tall and stately; but more bees hum about the amber and white hollyhocks, and the brilliant scarlet cactus-dahlia looks down superciliously at the old flowers, where he is the only evidence of this present age of ours.

Beyond the wall the stately cedars stand calm, grand, and sorrowful with their weight of years, casting dark shade on the soft, green, spreading turf, where fantastically shaped beds are filled with glowing scarlet geraniums and blue lobelia—a blaze of colour even in the subdued morning light; and, farther away yet, thick hedges of yew, bordering a path on each side, speak volumes of the age of these gardens, where autumn is standing quietly, as if meditating on the work that summer has left her to do.

But in midday, when the sun has driven away the mists, it does not seem as if summer had as yet departed and left us; it is scorchingly hot here, and we turn away from the garden, and crossing the old drawbridge, that retains the name only, and is as much a fixture as it can possibly be, we push open the bent and battered door, and are, in a moment, in the quaint old courtyard, round which the whole of the venerable house is built, and where enormous clusters of great purple clematis-blossoms twine and twist round the arched doorway—under which full many a husband or lover has ridden away, never to return from the field of battle whither his duty to his King and country had called him—and where aged geraniums, as big as young trees, glow and glitter in the sunshine that fills the court, and makes it rather more like an oven than even the outside garden was.

But inside the house itself, coolness and quiet reign supreme; only the lap of the moat is heard against the walls, or the low musical twitter of the swallows under the eaves; and we wander through the house pondering deeply over its beauties, and at the hush of autumn that is part and parcel of its very walls. There is a separate story attached to each chamber, but they are all of the past. Here, Lady Beatrice parted with her son, sending him out to one of the foolish wars of the earlier part of English history; here, her patient ghost still waits, looking out for a return that a ghost must know to be impossible, else were it small use to be a ghost at all. Yonder, up and down glides the ghost of Countess Dorothy, whose fair face, excellently limned, hangs down below in the oak parlour; she is a most unquiet spirit, for she and her young lover parted in a fit of rage, and she is always seeking him, to be once more reconciled to her ardent, gallant lover, whose bones lie bleached and buried deep on Naseby field, many miles away, and does not mind whom she terrifies while she drifts up and down the corridor, sadly waiting to herself. As the day becomes older, and the mists once more begin to gather, and we look down upon them from the ball-room windows, we can almost believe we, too, see the ghost which haunts the yew-tree walk. A little imagination, and the purple shade out yonder becomes a cloak; and then a little more imagination still, and we watch Sir Godfrey stealing forth again, as he did so many, many autums ago, to surprise and confront his wife and her lover, parted by Fortune before he married her and rendered her life a burden to her with his ceaseless suspicion and supervision, throwing her lover in her way continually to test her constancy to her marriage vows, and taking the law finally into his own hands, when he found out that love was too strong for him, and that that autumn day was to see him left desolate and wifeless. The moat hid the last of the secret, until one day it ran dry, and he looked out on his victims lying locked in each other's arms.

With such a house as this spring and summer can have nothing in common. Autumn essentially is the season sacred to memories: not sad and hopeless, as winter is, but full of dreams and kindly misty shadows, that throw a halo even over the dullest spot. As the evening shadows begin to creep up, a robin sings all shrilly and clear from the gate behind the draw-bridge; heavy waggons, laden with golden grain, creak along, and make us remember harvest and the cleared and golden fields, where the partridge broods over her children, so soon to be disturbed and decimated by the sportsman's gun; and the sunset gleams light up the flowers; and accentuate the second pale growth on the trees—the bronze pears, and the amber red, and green apples among the foliage; and show us the dusty road that presently shall lead us away, with its hedges covered thickly with wild clematis and half-closed convolvulus—called by the children always wedding flowers, because of their glittering whiteness, and morning-glories by Uncle Sam, because evening shuts their eyes, that do not open again until the birth of another day; and presently we are looking down upon the quiet house, almost hidden in a mantle of ghost-like mist; and then, turning away, go our ways, through sweetly-scented gardens of hops that are festooned from pole to pole in a manner eminently calculated to rejoice the heart of a grower, and past low-growing clumps of nut-trees, where the nuts are to be seen in thousands, until the silent mist catches us up, a big golden moon sails above the sea of pale white snow-drift, and a chill strikes to our bones.

Sir Watkin Williams Wynn has sent £200 towards the Lampeter College extension fund.



## GOWER, SOUTH WALES.

There is a "Gower" known to readers of Shakspeare; and there may possibly be a few students of early English poetry who have read the "Confessio Amantis," the "Vox Clamantis," and the "Speculum Meditantis" of John Gower, a contemporary of Chaucer in the reigns of Edward III. and Richard II.; his tomb may be seen in St. Saviour's Church, formerly St. Mary Overies, on the Surrey side of London Bridge. The genealogy of the Peerage is cognisant also of the Leveson-Gowers; and it is not unlikely that ancestral origin may connect the lineage of some families of those notable persons with the singular peninsula west of Swansea Bay, where our Artist has made six interesting Sketches. We know not whether or not it be true that the poet, "the moral Gower," was born there. But even with such literary associations, the district has its peculiar antiquarian and historical traditions. It was colonised in the time of Henry I., by a company of industrious Flemings, emigrants from their own country, whom that politic Norman King brought over to promote trade and agriculture, or to keep guard on the south coast of "Wild Wales," as he did likewise at Tenby, Milford, and Pembroke. The name of "Gower" is evidently Celtic; but the population is not Welsh. Indeed, it is very possible that, long before Normans, Saxons, or even Romans invaded Britain, many points on both shores of the Bristol Channel, as well as of the British Channel, were occupied by maritime adventurers of the Gallic Belgian race. This was certainly the case in Devon; and Gower lies within sight of Ilfracombe.

The peninsula of Gower, from its extreme points west and east, the Worms Head and the Mumbles, is fifteen miles long; and its average breadth, from north to south, is between six and seven miles, which is not diminished by an isthmus; but the long and wide inlet of the Burry, on its north-west shore, and Swansea Bay, to the east, leave Gower, for the most part, surrounded with sea waters. A line of eight miles, drawn across from Swansea to Lougher (Llwchwr), at the head of the Burry estuary, will separate the coal and iron region of Glamorganshire from Gower, which owes to its different geological composition (chiefly of limestone, with a backbone of old red sandstone), even more than to its marine isolation, the preservation of quiet rural beauty. Bold cliffs, rising in many parts to the height of 200 ft., bid defiance to the waves, which here are those of the Atlantic Ocean freely entering the Bristol Channel, and the southern coast is deeply indented with large bays, picturesque coves, and caverns in the rocks, and is beset in some places with rocky islets and reefs, visible at low tide. The Mumbles, with their famous lighthouse, at the western entrance to Swansea Bay, are familiar to seafaring folk; and Oystermouth, just inside that point, has become a favourite watering-place for the inhabitants of the neighbouring populous town. The name of "The Mumbles" properly belongs to the two little islets, upon one of which the lighthouse stands. Oystermouth has an oyster fishery of some value; it has also a fine old Norman church, and a grand old castle, built in Henry the First's time by Henry de Newburgh, Earl of Warwick, who obtained the feudal lordship of Gower. The present proprietor is the Duke of Beaufort, who takes care to preserve the relics of antiquity in Gower. Other castles, the history of which is not so well known as we could wish, stood on the southern coast, and some remains of them are yet to be seen. Oxwich Bay was protected at the east end by Pennard Castle, now reduced to a bold gateway, with flanking towers, the approach to which is encumbered with hillocks of drifted sand; at the other extremity of the bay is Oxwich Castle, or rather a Perpendicular Gothic castellated mansion, of Henry VIII.'s time, erected by Sir Rice Mansel on the site of the ancient fortress. Our Artist, Mr. W. H. J. Boot, has introduced a distant view of the ruins at Oxwich into one of his very pretty drawings; in others, he has delineated, with a charming environment, the quaint village church of Nicholas-ton, on Oxwich Bay; and the sequestered fishing-pool in the woodland demesne of Penrice, two miles inland. The Penrhys family, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, were powerful in this neighbourhood; here are the remains of a castle which must have been large and important. Penrice and Oxwich, by a marriage or two, passed to the Mansels of Margam, who distinguished themselves by military service to the Tudor sovereigns. The property has descended, in a similar manner, to its present owner, Mr. C. R. Talbot, M.P. for the county.

The whole of this piece of the coast is interesting; from the Mumbles along the cliffs of Langland Bay and Whiteshell Point to Caswall Bay, thence round Pwlldu Head to the Bone Caves, is a delightful walk. Paleontologists— isn't that a grand title for a man with scientific tastes?—may have inspected, in the Swansea Museum, the huge tusks of mammoths and elephants, which were found in these caves, along with bones of those big beasts, and of the rhinoceros, the bear, the hyæna, and primeval species of ox and deer. At Paviland, further west, are two other bone-caves, which contained many similar relics of extinct varieties of animals, besides a human skeleton, and fragments of ornaments, probably laid in the sepulchre two thousand years ago. This is not far from the Worms Head, the most westerly extremity of the peninsula, looking across Carmarthen Bay to Tenby. The Worms Head, as it appears in our Artist's drawing, consists of two high rocks extending a mile from the mainland, and connected both with it and with each other by narrow causeways, which are left bare only at low water. The outermost summit rises 200 ft. above the sea. It is a dangerous place for ships drifting too near in a south-westerly gale. There is a tradition, as in many other places on our western coasts, that one of the Spanish galleons of the Armada was wrecked here, and that King Philip's dollars and doubloons have been picked up on the sands. In any case, the prudent mariner will keep off the Worms Head as far as possible in squally or murky weather. The neighbouring cliffs are very fine, and command sea views of unsurpassed sublimity; the coasts of Pembrokeshire and Carmarthenshire, on the one hand, of North Devon, with Lundy Island on the other, are beheld to great advantage, and westward the Atlantic Ocean is as fully open as it is at the Land's End. Some of the fishermen's little villages or rather hamlets, such as Rhosilly and Port Eion, where the tourist will gladly seek refreshment after a long walk, are remarkable for their situation; and the coves and clefts formed by the action of the sea on the limestone cliffs, at the Culver Hole and elsewhere, are curious examples of Nature's fantastic work in the carving and cutting of land by the force of water. The interior of Gower, as well as its shores, presents many agreeable scenes and objects of interest; the elevated central ridge of the Cefn Bryn, with numerous cairns and a famous cromlech; the wooded parks and rural mansions of fortunate owners; the traces of mediæval and perhaps of Flemish architecture in some old buildings; and the variety of prospects opening in all directions from the hills of this inviting corner of West Britain.

A sword of honour has been presented by the Indian Government to Colonel Whiting, commanding the troops of Rajah Nahun, in recognition of his services with the Nahun contingent in the late Afghan war.

## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

J J G (Ealing).—Thanks for the *curiosa*. It is reproduced below.  
H W (Margate).—Neat enough. If found correct, it shall appear.  
F J (Broadmoor).—See answer to J S L, below.  
J S L (Natal).—The solution has been published. Place a White Knight on K square, and then play 1. B to K 3rd, &c.  
J K (South Hampstead).—Look again. There is no othersolution than that published.  
J K (Epsom).—The key-move is 1. Q to Q R 2nd. Are you not under some misapprehension?  
W W.—In No. 2156, Black cannot avoid mate by playing 1. R to R 4th. In that case White takes the B with the Q and mates next move.  
J A G (Streatham).—Thanks for the problem.  
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2151, 2152, and 2153 received from J S Logan (Blackburne, Natal); of No. 2153 from F E Gibbins (Tiflis), Jacinto Magalhães; of No. 2160 from B M Webber, Edmund Field, Commander W L Martin, R.N., and Pierce Jones; of No. 2161 from B M Webber, Jacinto Magalhães, F E Potts, Emil Fraai, Pierre Jones, Lashmar Penfold, Casino National, Fitz-Waraine, J Arnold Green, Prairie Chasen, F A Bright, and Henry Sweet.  
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2152 received from H T H. B M Webber, Hereward, E Casella (Paris), A C Hunt, J A Schmucke, John Hodgson (Malden), C S Cox, F P Pott, Shindforth, N S Harris, T G (Ware), Emil Mary (Goring), R H Brodie, W Miller, T Sinclair, Clement Fawcett, C Darragh, C T Salisbury, B R Wood, R A A Hensford, H A Nesbitt, Norina, Joseph Ainsworth, Emil e Iran, Trelunoch, Lashmar Penfold, Otto Fulder, Maxum in Parro, E Cornish, A J Spiers, L J Greenaway, Hermit, H E Dobell, R Tweedell, Richard Murphy, A W Scrutton, J C Harkness, S Bullen, Rev. W Anderson (Old Romney), H Lucas, Colmanus, J G V Duell, F Marshall, J K (South Hampstead), C Oswald, R L Southwell, J Falcon (Antwerp), G W Law, I Shargwood, Ernest Sharwood, Joseph Ainsworth, H Reeve, A Douthwaite, W P Welch, E E H. Jupiter Junior, Ben Nevis, E Elsbury, Chilean (Liverpool), Edward Ridpath, A Bullingall, George R Percival, W A Clarke, J Arnold Green, H Wardell, Emmo (Darlington), F Pine Junior, E J Winter Wood, L Wyman, H Cockle, F A Bright, Pierce Jones, Bellum, E Loudon, H Sweet, J R Olovenshaw, and James Inglis.

## SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS.

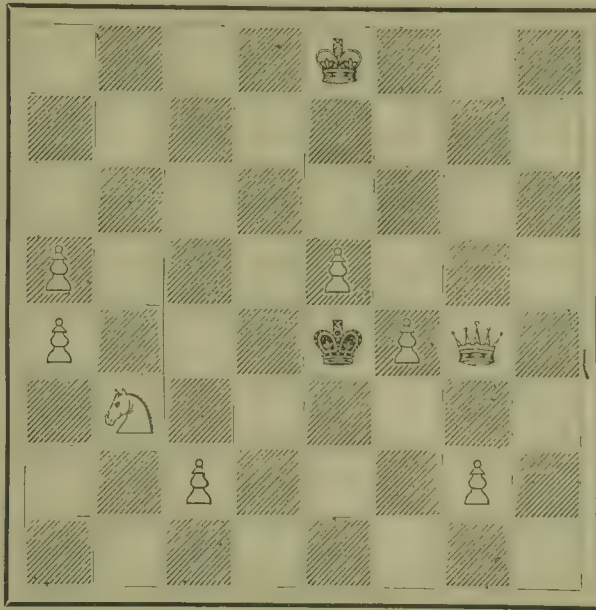
No. 2160. WHITE. 1. B to K B 3rd 2. Kt to Q Kt 4th 3. B mates. BLACK. K takes Kt K takes Kt

No. 2161. WHITE. 1. R to Q 5th 2. Mates accordingly. BLACK. Any move

## PROBLEM No. 2164.

By W. GRIMSHAW.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## DEATH OF HERR HORWITZ.

It is with sincere regret that we announce the death of Herr Bernard Horwitz, at his residence in London, on the 29th ult., in the seventy-ninth year of his age. Herr Horwitz was born in Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and in his earliest years displayed great capacity for drawing and for chess. When about seventeen years old he migrated from his native duchy to Berlin, where he soon attracted attention from his precocious display of skill in both arts. He came to London in 1845, where his attractive manners and genial disposition made him a welcome guest at such chess resorts of the period as "Goode's," in Ludgate-hill; "Kilpack's," in Covent-garden; the Shades, in Leicester-square; and the now time-honoured "Simpson's," in the Strand. At these institutions he displayed such remarkable skill in offhand games that he was backed against Mr. Staunton, and a match was arranged for a large stake. The terms of the match were that twenty-one games were to be played, draws not counting, and it was commenced on Feb. 2, 1846, at the George and Vulture tavern, in Cornhill. It was soon observed by all, and admitted by his friends, that Herr Horwitz's nervous constitution was unable to withstand the strain of arduous match-play. Staunton had it all his own way at first, and although Horwitz, after several adjournments, in consequence of his ill-health, pulled himself together, he never reached his adversary's good start. The match resulted in Staunton winning fourteen games, Horwitz seven, and three were drawn. As an instance of Herr Horwitz's lack of steadiness in match-play, we quote the third game in the match:—

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to K B 4th	8. P takes P	K Kt takes P
2. P to Q B 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	9. Kt takes Kt	B takes B
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to K 3rd	10. Kt takes B	Q takes Kt
4. B to K Kt 5th	B to K 2nd	11. Kt to B 7th (ch)	K to Q sq
5. P to K 3rd	P to Q B 4th	12. Kt to K 6th (ch),	
6. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd		and Black resigned.
7. P to Q 5th	P takes P		

We shall, next week, quote a more favourable specimen of the deceased gentleman's play from the same match. It is not, however, from his skill in practical play that Herr Horwitz will be chiefly remembered. In the problems and "End Games," contributed to the chess periodicals of the last forty years, he has left a more enduring monument to his genius. The earliest problem we have seen ascribed to him was published in this column on April 25, 1846. It may interest our readers to reproduce it here.

White: K at Q B 3rd, Q at Q R 6th, Kt at K Kt 4th, Pawn at K 5th. (Four pieces.)

Black: K at Q B 4th. (One piece.)

White to play, and mate in three moves.

In 1851 Herr Horwitz, in conjunction with Herr Kling, opened a chess-room near the Strand, and started a weekly publication called the *Chess-player*. It lived through the great tournament of that year, but soon after died from defective circulation. It is, however, a favourite book with all students of the game, and contains the best work of both the editors. Herr Horwitz gained the seventh prize in the great tourney just referred to, but since then had taken no part in serious contests.

## CHESSPLAYING.

To the Editor of The Illustrated London News.

Sir,—The Chess Congress at Hereford, which you did us the favour to report, was a brilliant success. There arise, however, after-thoughts in the minds of many, chess-players and non-chess-players, *cui bono*, all this expenditure of time, money, and brain power. I would reply, the result should be *great good*. Chessplaying ought not to be a recreation only, but a useful study. Proficiency in the game is undoubtedly an indication of intellectual power. Professor Ruskin (in a letter to me a short time ago) said he should like to see chess a class subject in all schools. Without aspiring at present to quite as high a standard of usefulness, I am content to take lower ground, but only as a step to higher. A degree in mathematical honours at Cambridge (mathematics and chess require like talents) is undoubtedly a great help to a man, either as a candidate for a post of duty or in the duty itself, and I would plead that chess should give like advantages, which would necessarily be more universal in their nature, for while a degree at the University is comparatively only within reach of the few, a high position in chess may be obtained (after home study, club practice, &c.) by attending our chess meetings. The meetings are annual, and continue a week, beginning on Monday evening and terminating the following Saturday about noon. The local secretary gives full information as to lodgings, hotels, &c., to suit all purses, and the congress, both in respect of time and money, is made as far as possible accessible to all.

The Hereford meeting was a particularly *class* representative one, not only by its patrons and supporters, but especially by its competitors, among whom were one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, a master of an important national school, young men from Oxford and Cambridge, young clerical men and lawyers, clerks in offices, men in trade, &c., ladies married and unmarried, along with many of the best living masters.

Taking very briefly another view, a chess tournament tests very severely

a person's patience, perseverance, temper, straightforward conduct, and general bearing towards others.

I arrive now at the *practical*. Let me venture to say that the Counties' Chess Association (an institution of twenty years' standing, and well recognised) would be glad to give certificates of attained proficiency after the ordeal of tournament, and such certificates could be countersigned by the president (say) of the club to which the person belongs, and to whom he would probably, in some way, be known in private life. Let such certificates, I would appeal to the general public, be considered as valuable additional recommendations. In Germany chess helps a man to a useful life: may it do so, and in a high degree, in England!

The importance of the subject must be my apology for trespassing on your space. I am, Sir, yours obediently,

A. B. SKIPWORTH, Hon. Sec.,

Tetford Rectory, Sept. 4, 1885.

Counties' Chess Association.

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated June 9, 1868), with a codicil (dated March 28, 1876), of Mr. Charles Hoskins Master, late of Barrow-green House, Oxted, Surrey, who died on June 6 last, was proved on the 25th ult. by Charles Hoskins Master, the son, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £121,000. The testator leaves to his wife, Mrs. Emily Master, £500, and all his plated articles, linen, musical instruments, wines, consumable household stores, horses and carriages; the use, for life, of his plate, furniture, pictures, books, and articles of virtu; and an annual rent-charge of £500 in addition to her jointure. Ample provision is made for his younger children; and the residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his eldest son, Charles Hoskins Master.

The will (dated June 26, 1858), with two codicils (dated July 14, 1862, and July 23, 1867), of Mr. William Sadleir Bruère, formerly of the 22nd Regiment Bombay Native Infantry, and of Middleham, Yorkshire, but late of Ticehurst House, Ticehurst, Sussex, who died on May 5 last, was proved on the 19th ult. by Percy Cotes Sadleir Bruère, the uncle, and William Henry Donville, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £79,000. The testator bequeaths £2000 to the Royal National Life-Boat Institution; £600, upon trust, the income to be applied annually by the Roman Catholic priest of the Chapel of St. Peter and St. Paul, Leyburn, Yorkshire, among five poor persons of distinct families; £600, upon trust, the income to be paid for the support of the Roman Catholic priest of the said chapel; £5000 to the Roman Catholic Bishop having supreme spiritual authority over the district in which Beverley is situated to be applied in support of Roman Catholic priests appointed to poor missions or parishes in the county of York; £5500 to the Roman Catholic Archbishop having spiritual authority over the city of Westminster, one half to be applied towards poor schools in his diocese, one fourth to the reclaiming of Roman Catholic juvenile offenders, and one fourth to Roman Catholic asylums for unfortunate females; and legacies to uncles, aunts, nephews, nieces, friends, and servants. The residue of his property he gives to his uncle, the said Percy Cotes Sadleir Bruère.

The will (dated June 7, 1881) of Mr. Joseph Joel Ellis, late of No. 51, Portland-place, who died on July 10 last, was proved on the 14th ult., by Robert Ruthven Pyne and John Messent, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £66,000. The testator bequeaths to his wife, amongst other things, £2000, and he makes up her income with what she will receive from certain freehold property at Leeds to £1000 per annum; £50 each to the St. Albans Synagogue and the Jews' Deaf and Dumb Institution; and legacies to executors and others. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves two ninths to his son Walter; and one ninth to, or upon trust for, each of his children, George, Albert, Montague, Chatham, Percy, Isidore Louis, and Mrs. Bessie Levaux. He states that his daughter Evelyn Gertrude was amply provided for on her marriage.

The will (dated March 11, 1882), of Mr. Joseph Doane, late of No. 23, Keppell-street, Russell-square, who died on July 11 last, was proved on the 19th ult. by Charles Doane, the brother, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £46,000. The testator leaves stocks and shares to the value of £5000, upon trust, for his niece, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Natalie Lovegrove; £50 to her husband, Joseph Lovegrove; and the rest of his property, real and personal, to his said brother.

The will (dated June 1, 1882) of Miss Jane Catherine Gamble, late of No. 67, Portland-place, who died on June 19 last, at Florence, was proved on the 14th ult. by Hugh Lindsay Antrobus, the Hon. Henry Dudley Ryder, and William Rolfe Malcolm, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £30,000. The testatrix bequeaths £100 to Middlesex Hospital; £500 to the Establishment for Invalid Ladies, 90, Harley-street; £1000, upon trust, for Caroline Jane Nutt, for life, and at her death for the Royal Hospital for Incurables, West-hill, Putney-heath; and other legacies, all of which are to be paid free of duty. The residue of her estate she leaves to Girton College as an endowment fund for its educational purposes.

The will and codicil (both dated July 9, 1885) of Mr. John Sutherland Law, late of South Lodge, Enfield, who died on July 10 last, were proved on the 14th ult. by Major Charles Frederick Law, the brother, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £23,000. The testator bequeaths £100 each to the Gardeners' Royal Benevolent Institution, and the Royal Indian Institute, Oxford; such of his books in Sanscrit lithographed in India, and also fifty of his other books in Sanscrit, both to be selected by Mr. Monier Williams, to the said Royal Indian Institute, Oxford; £500 to the Rev. George Hewitt Hodson and the Rev. John Sylvester Davies, for the benefit of the Elementary Schools of the Established Church in the parish of Enfield; and legacies to relatives, godchildren, gardener, housekeeper, and others. The residue of his property he gives to his said brother.

The will (dated Sept. 22, 1881) of Colonel Alfred Augustus Davidson, formerly of the Madras Staff Corps, but late of No. 78, Gloucester-crescent, Hyde Park, who died on July 1 last, was proved on the 17th ult. by Francis Henry Swinton Murphy, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £15,000. The testator bequeaths £100, and the income of £1000, for life or widowhood to his wife, Mrs. Dora Davidson. As to the residue of his property, he leaves four twelfths to Frederick Augustus Lascelles Davidson, three twelfths each to Lionel Charles Lascelles Davidson and William Norman Davidson, and two twelfths to Mrs. Evelyn Constance Murphy.

The Commander-in-Chief has issued a general order with respect to the medal to be granted to all her Majesty's forces employed in the recent operations in the Sudan.

Mr. Charles Belk, the Master Cutler of Sheffield, was on Thursday week installed in his office, and in the evening he gave the dinner which is popularly known as the Cutlers' Feast. Among the guests were Mr. Phelps, United States Minister, the Duke of Rutland, the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Wharfedale, Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. C. Stuart-Wortley, Sir R. N. Fowler, Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, Mr. F. T. Mappin, Mr. McCullagh Torrens, a number of Mayors, and the Masters of most of the London City companies. Lord Randolph Churchill replied to the toast of "Her Majesty's Ministers."





1. Nicholaston Church.  
2. The Worms Head.

3. Oxwich Castle.  
4. Fishing-pool near Penrice.

5. The Culver Hole, Port Eimon.  
6. At Oxwich Bay.

RAMBLING SKETCHES: GOWER, SOUTH WALES.





"WHO SPEAKS FIRST?"  
DRAWN BY C. T. GARLAND.



## POETRY.

Mr. John Bright, M.P., who is known to be an excellent judge of English poetry, has written a letter expressing high approval of *Ommalinda*: by J. H. McNaughton (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.), and that letter the author, having had it lithographed, appears to send about everywhere as the companion of his poem, and to regard with natural exultation. It would seem, then, that there is little more to be said. There would be a sort of presumption in venturing to differ from the greatest English orator of the day, who is also held to be among the soundest critics of English literature, especially of English verse; and it would be scarcely less presumptuous to express agreement with so weighty an authority, whose opinion it were rather fitting to accept with silent respect. But that course, perhaps, would not satisfy the author. Be it permissible, then, to say that the poem certainly exhibits in many parts those qualities of "life and beauty" which Mr. Bright so "much enjoyed," and that others besides Mr. Bright may be expected to read the romance with "interest and pleasure." The author, indeed, has proved, if any proof had been necessary, that the American Muse (for the writer must be an American) can sing with sweetness, with spirit, with feeling, and with humour. The style reminds one of him who wrote the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," though the poem does not proceed canto by canto, but is merely divided into two parts, each containing a continuous string of stanzas, numbered, but of irregular length. Considerations of space forbid the quotation of passages which would testify of felicitous expression, picturesque description, effective situation, animated scene, rapid movement, impressive action, musical cadence. The writer's purpose is to awaken or, it were more correct perhaps to say, to reawaken general sympathy for the unfortunate Red Indian, whom the white man has dispossessed, despised, and degraded. It was a buffoon who declared that "Injun is pison, wherever met"; but it is to be feared that his definition has come to be most generally accepted, at any rate by the white men with whom they are brought into the most intimate relations. On the other hand, in this poem, which is professedly a romance, the "Injun" is, of course, etherealised; Kawanute, the chief, and Ommalinda, the Iroquois Princess, and the sweet, modest maid, called "Glinting Star," are, of course, idealised and glorified presentments of real Red Indians. Besides, Ommalinda herself is confessedly not pure Indian; she is the grand-daughter of a Scottish Earl. It is all very well to tell us in a note that "the type of beauty represented in the heroine Ommalinda is by no means a mere fancy sketch—it is a reality. It is computed that one third of the western Indians are of mixed blood"; for what is the conclusion? Evidently, that neither she nor any of that one third is a fair specimen of a genuine Red Indian. And now a word or two concerning another point: there are but two hundred and forty-two pages, and one hundred and fourteen of them are occupied in working up to the revelation of Ommalinda's origin on the maternal side. Surely, this is getting on slowly with the main "business," though in the episodes there is sufficient and even noticeable rapidity of movement.

Without charity, according to the doctrine of a great teacher, we may have all manner of excellent gifts and acquirements and yet be as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal; and in similar fashion, as *Echoes from Theocritus, and Other Sonnets*: by Edward Cracroft Lefroy (Elliot Stock), would seem to testify, it is possible to write the most graceful, harmonious, tasteful, fanciful, appreciative verses, which, nevertheless, for lack of some indefinable quality, shall fall short of true poetry. And the sonnet is especially the form in which it is most easy for a cultivated writer, who has evident poetical tendencies, to almost persuade himself, and his readers, that he belongs to the noble but scanty band of born poets. Of course, these remarks apply only to such poets as Horace had in his mind when he declared that neither by men nor by the gods is mediocrity allowed to poets. This is a hard saying, which the author of these charming sonnets (for many of them are really charming) deprecates in a curious little preface. Indeed, it would not have been difficult for him to prove to demonstration that, from certain points of view, the utterance of Horace is a rank absurdity. For nobody can deny that, compared with Homer, Pindar, and others, with "the grand old masters," with "the bards sublime," Horace was himself a mediocrity; but then there are different lines of poetry, and in his own line

Horace, as the Roman lyricist, stands supreme. Now, the author of the sonnets under consideration, great as is the success he has achieved in a kind of verse which depends perhaps more on art for its beauties and its fascination than on the natural, spontaneous, creative power which proclaims the born poet, will scarcely be considered to have attained the highest rank even in his own department, though it is quite easy to understand how the well-merited admiration of his friends has made them encourage him to essay an "ampler mode, and trumpet forth a ballad, epic, ode." He certainly ought to have daring enough for anything, unless he be a lineal descendant of that celebrated lad whose "ingenuous countenance and ingenuous shame" are recorded in the Latin Grammar: for he makes "dawn" rhyme with "morn," and actually justifies the flagrant deed in his preface, on the ground that he is "a Londoner born and bred." After this, no wonder he makes "sward" rhyme with "broad" and "sought" with "sport," and is not ashamed. It is only in burlesques that such rhymes are expected; and then they are considered to enhance the fun. The sonnets have all sorts of themes, some original, some imitated from Theocritus, some suggested by a passage in Theocritus, and these semi-classical effusions are among the best.

What you can get for a shilling in these days, whether in the way of ribbons to tie up your bonny grey hair, or of literature to rejoice your heart, or to thrill your nerves, or, as in the case of *Brand-New Ballads*: by Charles E. Leland, better known as "Hans Breitmann" (*Fun Office*), to tickle your mid-rib, is really marvellous. And then these "ballads" are illustrated by the author, by Hal Ludlow, and by Thomas Dalziel, with a liberality and a comicality so noticeable that the marvel is greatly enhanced. To include the ballads in a batch of poetry is a good joke which nobody will probably be more ready than the author to appreciate. His admirers, who are many and ardent, know the man and his communication: how he throws you off a piece of fluent verse of a kind that seems to promise higher things, seems to hint that he "could an if he would," or that he "would an if he could"—that is, "an if" his nature would permit him; and how he makes sport by treating serious matters lightly, turning legal offences into subjects for facetious description, coining grotesque words and expressions, introducing American oddities and slang, and out of the whole compounding a mixture upon which his readers may "laugh and grow fat." Such is "Hans Breitmann," not without a certain touch of the laughing philosopher.

## "WHO SPEAKS FIRST?"

The companionship of domestic animals with children of gentle disposition is pleasing to witness; and the Artist, with some humour and true insight into childish and doggy character, has made a lively picture of this boy and girl feeding their four-footed pets. The cat must not be forgotten, though she appears rather shy in the presence of those two big hounds, which evidently mean to insist on their superior rank and claim to be served first. As for the Skye terrier, he relies on being the special favourite of his young mistress, and feels sure of getting his proper share of the bread and milk before the bowl is emptied. Whether or not the juvenile dispenser of this bounty really expects his pensioners to give audible voice to their demands, no barking, mewling, or speaking could be more eloquent than the intense look of earnestness in the beautiful eyes of the foremost dog; while the pathetic, as well as comical, attitude of the little shaggy-haired creature is not less expressive. The two young persons may well enjoy this innocent bit of fun, which our Artist's clever drawing communicates to the readers of this Journal.

Mr. Henry Bargrave Deane, of the South-Eastern Circuit, has been appointed to the Recordership of Margate, vacant by the death of Mr. Douglas Kingsford.

The statue of Queen Anne—the work of Francis Bird, erected in the churchyard in 1712—in front of St. Paul's Cathedral, which had been in a dilapidated condition for many years, has been demolished, and a replica in Sicilian marble, which Mr. Richard Belt is executing by order of the Corporation, will be put in position on its completion.

## FOUNTAINS ABBEY, YORKSHIRE.

Adjacent to the park of Studley Royal, Lord Ripon's pleasant seat near the small town of Ripon, are the noble ruins of a grand ancient monastery, the view of which, suddenly revealed to the visitor by the opening of a door in an arbour within the Studley pleasure-grounds, is strikingly impressive. This trick of effective showmanship, which is usually performed by the appointed guide to the beauties of the place, is one of the artful contrivances of a former proprietor, Mr. Aislabe, who flourished in the last century, and who laid out much money, with a rather sophisticated taste, to render Studley "the most embellished spot in the North of England." But we, leaving behind us the artistic and classic ornamentation of its trim gardens, with their formal ponds and canals, fountains, statues, and miniature Grecian temples, may thence pass on into the wooded valley of the Skell, to the strip of sweet river-side meadow, with the old bridge, the old mill, the very old yew-trees, and the great church tower and stately walls of the dismantled Abbey, one of the finest remains of that system which Henry VIII. knocked down almost at a single blow.

"Fountains" is supposed to have been the name chosen for this Cistercian establishment by its founders, seven hundred and fifty years ago, on account of several pure springs of water rising in this plot of ground. St. Bernard of Clairvaux, the author of the Cistercian Rule and Order, a Reformed Benedictine religious society, was then living, and patronised the devout seceders from St. Mary's at York, who sought to practise a stricter discipline on the banks of the Skell. They at first dwelt humbly and hardly, in wooden huts beneath the yew-trees and among the rocks, and cultivated the virtues of ascetic piety with the aid of that extreme poverty which was deemed a blessing to the spiritual life of professing saints. But the Abbey, like other ecclesiastical corporations of the Middle Ages, grew rich in money and lands, till its estates covered a hundred square miles, extending westward across Wharfedale and Craven; and a magnificent group of buildings arose in this secluded dale. The remains of the conventual church, erected in the first half of the thirteenth century, are of Transition Norman architecture, consisting of the nave, middle transept, choir, and eastern transept or "chapel of the nine altars," beyond the choir; the main arches rest on massive circular piers, and the clerestory above has round-headed windows; the style is quite plain, with no adornment of sculpture. A Gothic west window of the fifteenth century was inserted by a later Abbot; and the fine tower, of Perpendicular Gothic, 168 ft. high, at the north end of the middle transept, is of the Tudor period. The chapel in the eastern transept, as well as the choir, is a beautiful example of Early English, the work of Abbot John of Kent, about 1247. Of the chapter-house, which is divided into three aisles by a double row of columns, only the bases remain, with the tombs of some of the Abbots. The great refectory, 109 ft. long and 46 ft. wide, had also a row of grey marble pillars through its central length; the site of the Abbot's hall has been identified, with the kitchen and the court-house. The grand cloister, 300 ft. long, extending at right angles from the western extremity of the church to the river, over which it was built, is one of the most impressive ranges of vaulted building; above it was the long dormitory, with cells for the monks formed by wooden partitions. The guest-house and infirmary are situated on the river-bank. The Abbot of Fountains was a very great man, who rode in a carriage drawn by six white horses; but the last who ruled there, William Thirsk, having, after his deposition, joined the insurrection headed by the Nortons, called "the Pilgrimage of Grace," with the Abbot of Jorvaulx and the Prior of Bridlington, was hanged at Tyburn, in London. Henry VIII. then sold the Abbey, with great part of its estates, to Sir Richard Gresham, a London citizen; and it passed through different hands afterwards, but the Abbey was purchased by Mr. Aislabe in 1768. A romantic sentiment of compassion is naturally felt at seeing the ruins of such places as Rievaulx, Bolton, and Fountains Abbey, where the vast wealth of monastic corporations was employed in constructing edifices of wonderful stateliness and grace; but it is certain that, long before their destruction, these communities had lost the spirit of piety which distinguished their original founders; and St. Bernard would have been awfully scandalised if he could have witnessed their worldly pomp and luxury three centuries after his lifetime. The ivy-grown ruins are still "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever."

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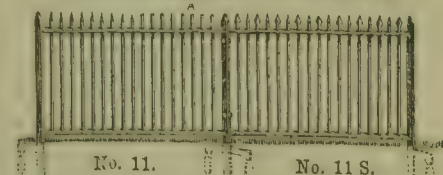
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# ENO'S FRUIT SALT IN EQUITY

## AT THE ANTIPODES.

SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES, JULY 2, 1885.

ENO v. HOGG.

IN EQUITY.—(Before his Honour the PRIMARY JUDGE.)  
ENO v. HOGG.

Mr. Owen, Q.C., and Dr. Donovan, instructed by Mr. De Lissa, for the plaintiff; Mr. Walker and Mr. Nash, instructed by Messrs. Heron and Smith, for the defendant.

His Honour delivered judgment on this suit on the 30th inst. as follows:—I have no doubt about this matter. It is true that as regards the point of deception the imitation is not so palpable as in some of the other cases, but each has gone as near as the imitator dared—some having more boldness and some more caution than others. Here, I think, there is abundant imitation. To quote the words of the Master of the Rolls, in what is cited as the “Dog and Porridge-Pot Case,” “An honest man who wants to mark his goods never thinks of taking the device, partly or wholly, which some other tradesman is employing for the purpose of marking his goods.” There are, no doubt, considerable differences. Such, indeed, that if a man who had once bought Eno's Fruit Salt had brought his empty bottle with him when he came to renew his supply, he would not or might not be deceived, or he would at least require some specious explanation to remove his doubts. But one who does not take that precaution, the careless, or those who had not bought before and were advised to get a bottle of fruit salt, would be deceived by the term fruit salt, and by the label bearing a malformed bunch of grapes. It is true that if he looked closely and had means of comparison he would see that the word “Parisian” indicated some other preparation than Eno's, and not an English one. But even that term would not necessarily open his eyes. Besides, the term “Parisian” and the label purporting to express that it was a Parisian invention, manufactured in the colony with the help of an imported expert, by Messrs. Hogg & Co., “sole agents for the Colonies,” every feature of which was a distinct and avowed untruth, and was in itself a fraud—a fraud, it

is true, distinguishing the preparation from Eno's, but a fraud none the less in its express representation and in its purpose—namely, that of getting into Eno's trade in fruit salt, and winning to himself part of the profits of the invention and advertising of Mr. Eno. Then as to the term “Fruit Salt,” I am of opinion that it was susceptible of registration as a trade-mark, and that it was not descriptive of a class of preparations or of natural substances in a commercial aspect, nor indeed scientifically. This seems to me to have been sufficiently decided in England in the case of Eno v. Stephens, and to have been recognised by the general suppression or abstinence of the would-be imitators that are sure to be eager for a share of the inventor's profits. It was also decided by myself in Eno v. Davis, although in that case there were in some respects more daring imitations in other particulars than that of the name. There remains only the question whether the term “Fruit Salt” had become *publici juris* before the plaintiff's registration. I am clear that it had not. Mr. Eno had introduced his goods without registration, it is true; perhaps by omission, or perhaps relying on the honesty of others, and all was right until his preparation came into great demand. Then came a variety of imitations. But as far as the evidence goes, they were all fraudulent in their one object of diverting the plaintiff's trade to their spurious preparations, and in the colourableness of their imitations. It does not seem to me to be of much consequence whether these imitations had or had not gone on for several years before the plaintiff's registration, but in fact I am satisfied upon the whole of the evidence that they did not begin until about a year or so before the plaintiff's registration at the furthest. I therefore decree that the defendant be perpetually restrained from selling his manufacture with the word “Fruit Salt” or any colourable approach to that term or the other term used by the plaintiff or either of them. The defendant must pay all costs of suit. By the consent of parties, I assess damages at £100, payable within three weeks.—From “Sydney Morning Herald,” July 2.

**THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.**—“A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit.”—ADAMS.

**CAUTION.**—Examine each Bottle, and see the CAPSULE is marked “ENO'S FRUIT SALT.” Without it, you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. Legal Rights are protected in every Civilised Country. Sold by all Chemists. Directions in Sixteen Languages How to Prevent Disease.

**PREPARED ONLY AT ENO'S FRUIT SALT WORKS, HATCHAM, LONDON, S.E., BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.**



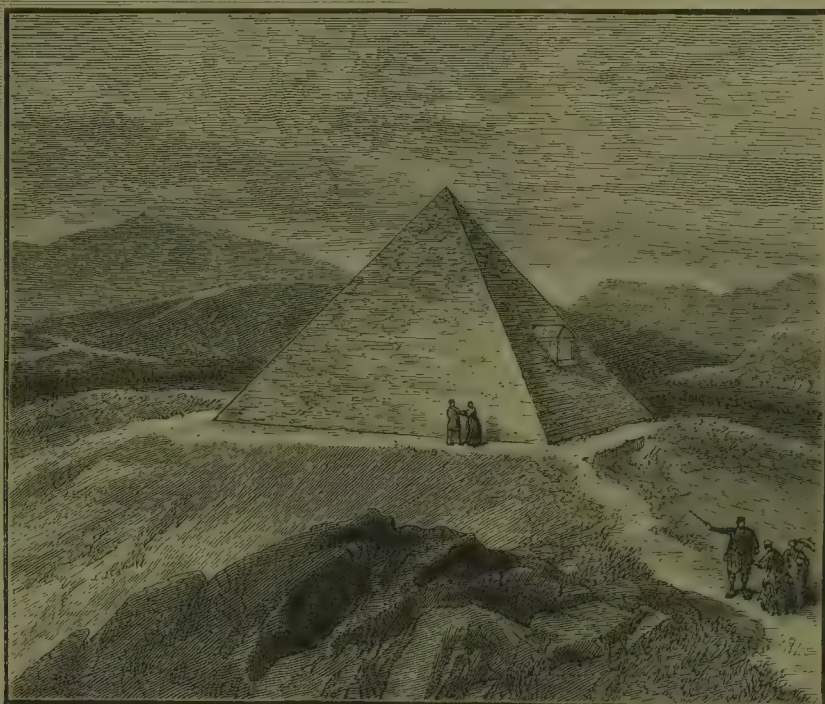


FOUNTAINS ABBEY, YORKSHIRE.



# THE QUEEN'S HIGHLAND HOME: BALMORAL.

ENGLISH HOMES, No. III.



Loch-na-Gar.

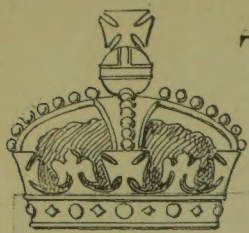
Valley of the Dee, with Balmoral, from Craig-na-Ban.

Falls of Garrawalt.

Cairn on Craig Lowrigan, in memory of the Prince Consort.

Crathie Church.

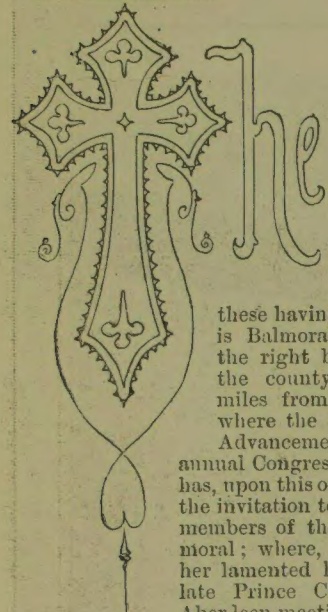




# THE QUEEN'S HIGHLAND HOME.

## Balmoral Castle.

ENGLISH HOMES, No. III.



THE LADY "revered, beloved," Queen of this United Kingdom, has her Scottish Home, which may well be described and illustrated in connection with our series of "English Homes," the first of these having been Windsor Castle. It is Balmoral Castle, which stands on the right bank of the River Dee, in the county of Aberdeen, fifty-two miles from the city of "that ilk," where the British Association for the Advancement of Science holds its annual Congress this week. Her Majesty has, upon this occasion, graciously repeated the invitation to the President and leading members of the Association, to visit Balmoral; where, in September, 1859, when her lamented husband, the accomplished late Prince Consort, presided at their Aberdeen meeting of that year, the Queen and his Royal Highness entertained a

similar party. Among their guests then at the castle were the Duke of Richmond, Sir Roderick Murchison, General Sabine, and Professor Phillips, Secretary of the Association, while Sir David Brewster, Professor Owen, Professor Roscoe, Sir John Ross, and other eminent scientific men, spent a day at Balmoral, and were introduced to her Majesty at a Highland Fête in the grounds. "Much pleased," she writes in her Journal, "at everything having gone off well. All the gentlemen spoke in very high terms of my beloved Albert's admirable speech, the good it had done, and the general satisfaction it had caused." Such are the memories which will arise in the mind of the Royal Hostess, after twenty-six years, nearly twenty-four years of widowhood, when she receives her visitors from Aberdeen, the British representatives of Science in September, 1885.

The Deeside Railway from Aberdeen to Ballater, forty-three miles and a half, passes along the river to Banchoory, seventeen miles, runs then somewhat north of the river, which it rejoins at Aboyne, fifteen miles beyond, and further over Dinnet Moor to Ballater, a pleasant large village, eight or nine miles, by the coach-road, from the Queen's Highland Home. Ballater is a place of diverse attractions; it is the headquarters of tourists bent on exploring Glen Muich and Loch-na-Gar, made famous by Lord Byron's youthful verses; it is close to the medicinal chalybeate spa of Panamich; and there are famous distilleries, hereabouts, in which Byron might have found a Pierian spring, if he had visited this district at a later period of his life:—

Though cataracts foam, 'stead of smooth-flowing fountains,  
I sigh for the whisky of dark Loch-na-Gar.

The noble poet, in fact, confessed his obligations to gin-and-water as an aid to the composition of "Don Juan." He was a mere boy when he sojourned a few months in the farmhouse of Ballatrich. It is curious to speculate on what might have been the literary outcome of his juvenile enthusiasm for Scottish Highland scenery, for chieftains wearing the bonnet and plaid, and for the "ill-starred, though brave," who died for Prince Charlie at Culloden. It is possible that Byron, even without the inspiration of Loch-na-Gar whisky, might have written "The Lady of the Lake," and "The Lord of the Isles," instead of "The Corsair" and "The Siege of Corinth"; but he was forestalled by Walter Scott, who was no more a Scottish Highlander than Byron.

Leaving Ballater, with its mixed associations, the domain of

whither the reader is bound in the good company of our Special Artist, Mr. William Simpson, the wandering Ulysses of his genial craft, versed in delineating scenes of war and peace in countries far and near, all over the globe.

The Royal mansion, as it appears in our large Engraving, which is a view looking south-east, therefore showing the northern and western sides of the building, is a modern structure in the old Scottish baronial style of architecture, with gables and picturesque angle-turrets; this has been much favoured of late not only for the Scottish country seats of the nobility and gentry, but also in the towns. The architect was Mr. William Smith, of Aberdeen, but the Prince Consort took part in the task of designing the house; the Queen laid the foundation-stone on Sept. 28, 1853, and her Majesty and his Royal Highness occupied the new building on Sept. 7, 1855. They had first lived, from September, 1848, in the old castle, which has been demolished. The Balmoral estate, which was purchased, in 1852, from the Earl of Fife, originally belonged to the Farquharsons of Inverey. The lease had previously been purchased from Sir Robert Gordon. The extent of this demesne is about ten thousand acres, one thousand of which are woodlands; and there are, besides, upwards of thirty thousand acres of deer-forest. The house stands in a level space near the margin of the river, which here sweeps in a semicircle round the base of the hill of Craig Lowrigan. The building consists of several blocks facing the north, the west, and the south. At the east end is a massive tower 35 ft. square and 80 ft. high, surmounted by a turret 20 ft. high, the summit of which, 920 ft. above the level of the sea, commands very fine views in several directions. The entrance-porch is at the south-west corner, but the west front is the most ornate. The material is a light grey granite, from a quarry on the estate, and the masonry is excellent; the building is fireproof. The Queen's private apartments are on the west side, looking up the valley of the Dee; those which used to be appropriated to the Prince Consort look to the south, across the lawn to the foot of Craig Gowan, part of which hill is seen to the right of the view in our large Engraving. On the north side are the rooms formerly reserved for the Prince of Wales. There is a handsome ball-room, measuring 68 ft. by 25 ft., which is a detached building on the north side, connected with the Castle by a covered passage. The Castle has accommodation for a hundred or even a hundred and twenty persons, including the servants; there are some bedrooms in the tower. The rooms are simply but elegantly furnished, the carpets and curtains being of fancy tartan, and the cabinet-makers' work of African ash. In the principal corridor, out of the hall which runs along the centre of the building, is Theed's marble statue of the Prince Consort, in Highland dress. Here also are statues of Burns's "Highland Mary," and "The Lady of the Lake," with the bust of the Rev. Dr. Norman McLeod, and other works of sculpture. One room has its walls hung with a collection of pictures and old engravings illustrative of the incidents of the Jacobite rebellion in 1745; and there are many original sketches, and some engravings of Landseer's pictures. Every part of the interior of the Castle is light, airy, and cheerful. The Queen expressed her pleasure, when she came to live in it, by these simple entries in her Journal:—

"The new house looks beautiful"; again, "The house is charming; the rooms delightful, the furniture, papers, everything, perfection." "The view from the windows of our rooms, and from the library, drawing-room, &c., below them, of the valley of the Dee, with the mountains in the background—which one could never see from the old house—is quite beautiful. We walked about, and alongside the river, and looked at all that has been done, and considered all that has to be done; and afterwards we went over to the poor dear old house, and to our rooms, which it

have a very good effect; and a bas-relief under our windows, not gilt, representing St. Hubert, with St. Andrew on one side and St. George on the other side, all done by Mr. Thomas." In October, she writes, "Every year my heart becomes more fixed in this dear paradise, and so much more so now, that all has become my dearest Albert's own creation, own work, own building, own laying out, as at Osborne; and his great taste, and the impress of his dear hand, have been stamped everywhere. He was very busy to-day, settling and arranging many things for next year."

The Queen finds peace and rest at Balmoral, where she dwells not as Queen but as Lady of the Manor; and, what is still better, as the friend of all her neighbours, high and low. She loves all around her there, and is loved by all in return. She takes a personal, almost maternal, interest in everyone living on the Balmoral estate; visiting them, particularly in sickness, and then taking good things to them; giving clothes to the wives and children of poor labourers; knowing the children's names, talking familiarly with all, but especially showing attention to those who have grown old in her service. Her love of peace and quiet is shown by her liking, sometimes,



THE STANDING-STONE AT ABERGELDIE.

in the morning, to walk over to the "Cottage," behind the Castle, where breakfast is brought to her on a tray; or she will take tea there in the afternoon, and there she will write her letters. The volume published by her Majesty in 1868, entitled "Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands," edited by the late Sir Arthur Helps, contains her own unstudied records, in their original freshness, of the impressions that she received in her first acquaintance with Scottish mountain scenery, of her kindly intercourse with rural neighbours of high and low degree, and of the happy domestic life there enjoyed by herself and the Prince Consort, year after year, till his lamented death at the end of 1861.

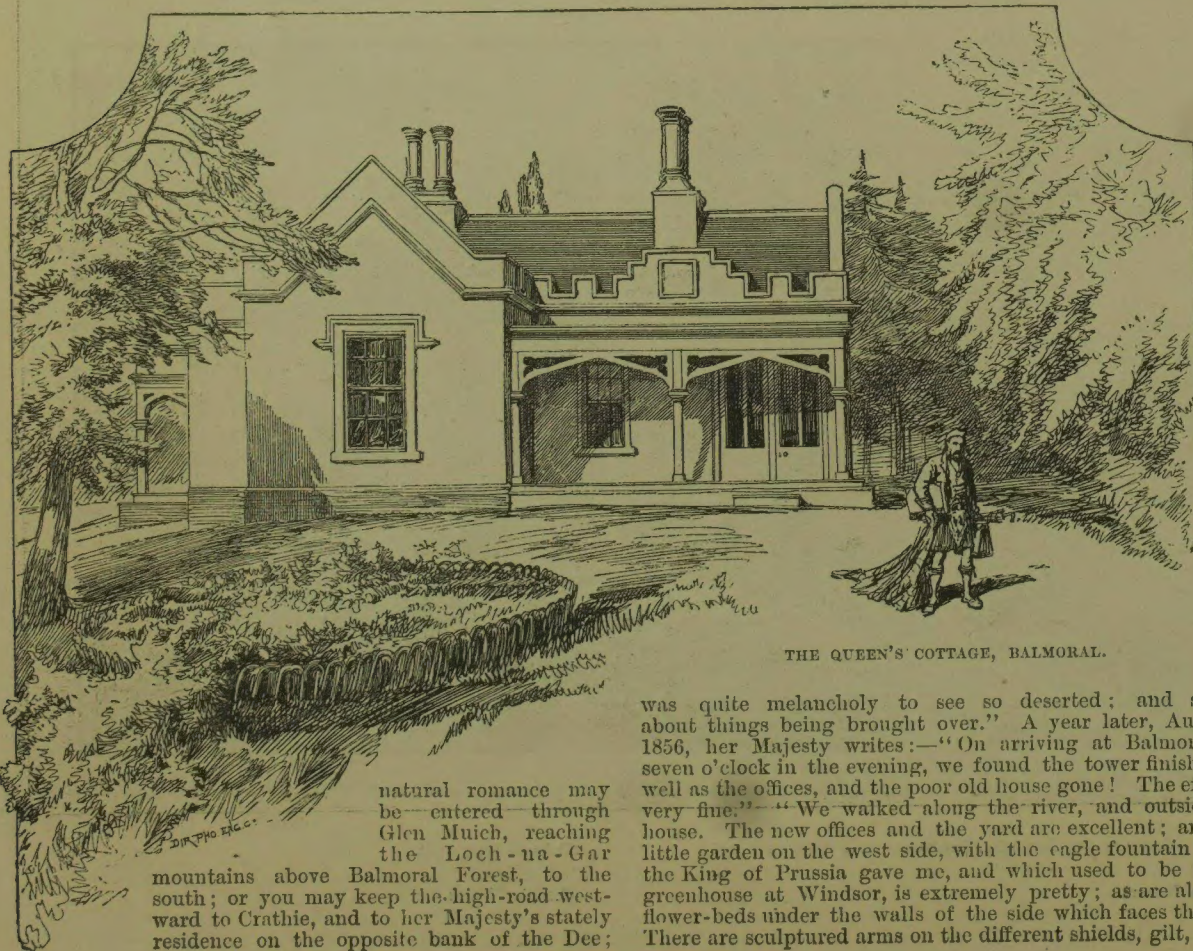
Ballater, with the opposite hill of Craigandaroch, and the Morven range extending to the north, closes the lower end of Glen Muich, a wide and long valley that runs up ten or twelve miles into the Grampians, in a south-west direction, winding round the back of the Lochnagar group of mountains. In this valley are the mansion of Mr. J. T. Mackenzie, Glen Muich House, often visited by the Prince of Wales, and the Birkhall domain, which has been occupied by his Royal Highness for a sporting preserve. Nine miles up the glen is Loch Muich, which is a rather large piece of water, sombre, and inclosed by precipices. Above this is another lake, the Dhu Loch, with sheer granite walls around it; beyond which there is a rugged path, behind the Cairn of Corbreach and Cairn Taggart, leading westward to Loch Callater, whence another long glen descends to Castleton of Braemar. The circuit of the Lochnagar mountain district, returning again to Deeside, used to be a favourite excursion of her Majesty and the Prince Consort, who made a small lodge, in 1849, at Alt-na-Giuthasach, on the shore of Loch Muich, which is about halfway round. Loch Callater is situated to the south-west of the group of mountains comprising Loch-na-Gar, Cairn Taggart, and the Cairn of Corbreach, which rise immediately south of Balmoral Forest, and by which Glen Muich is separated from Glen Callater and the vale of the Clunie.

"Alt-na-Giuthasach, Sept. 16, 1852.

"We breakfasted with Miss Seymour; and, after writing and reading, we started at a quarter to eleven with her and our Highland party. The day was not cold, and would, in fact, have been very fine, if it had not been for a constant succession of very slight showers or clouds coming down. We walked along the loch, the road up to which is excellent. It has been widened, and would admit of a carriage.

"We arrived at the Alt-na-Dearg, a small burn and fall, which is very fine and rapid. Up this a winding path has been made, upon which we rode, though some paths are rather steep for riding. The burn falls over red granite; and in the ravine grow birch, mountain ash, and alder.

"We got off, and walked a good long way on the top of the very steep hills overhanging the loch, to the Stron, and the Moss of Monelpie, whence you overlook all the country belonging to Lord Panmure, Mount Keen, the Ogilvie Hills, &c. Here I suddenly missed my watch, which the dear old Duke had given me; and, not being certain whether I had put it on or



THE QUEEN'S COTTAGE, BALMORAL.

was quite melancholy to see so deserted; and settled about things being brought over." A year later, Aug. 30, 1856, her Majesty writes:—"On arriving at Balmoral, at seven o'clock in the evening, we found the tower finished, as well as the offices, and the poor old house gone! The effect is very fine."—"We walked along the river, and outside the house. The new offices and the yard are excellent; and the little garden on the west side, with the eagle fountain which the King of Prussia gave me, and which used to be in the greenhouse at Windsor, is extremely pretty; as are also the flower-beds under the walls of the side which faces the Dee. There are sculptured arms on the different shields, gilt, which

natural romance may be entered through Glen Muich, reaching the Loch-na-Gar mountains above Balmoral Forest, to the south; or you may keep the high-road westward to Crathie, and to her Majesty's stately residence on the opposite bank of the Dee;



THE QUEEN'S HIGHLAND HOME: BALMORAL.  
ENGLISH HOMES, No. III.



Balmoral Castle



not, I asked Mackenzie—one of our keepers, and a very good man, who lives at Alt-na-Giuthasach—to go back and inquire. “We walked on, until we reached the higher part of the Glassalt, which we stepped across. We had passed over the tops of these hills on that expedition to the Dhu Loch, three years ago, when the ground was so soft that ponies could scarcely get along, the roads were so very bad. “Then we began the descent of the Glassalt, along which another path had been admirably made. From here it is quite beautiful, so wild and grand. The Falls are equal to those of the Bruar at Blair, and are 150 ft. in height; the whole height to the foot of the loch being 500 ft. It looked very picturesque to see the ponies, and the Highlanders, winding along. We came down to the Shiel of the Glassalt, lately built, where there is a charming room for us, commanding a most lovely view. Here we took the cold luncheon which we had brought with us; and after that we mounted our ponies, and rode them to the Dhu Loch, along a beautiful path which keeps well above the burn, that rushes along over flat great slabs of stone. The scenery is exquisite. We passed a small fall called the Burn of the Spullan (spout). In half or three quarters of an hour, we were at the wild and picturesque Dhu Loch.”

The Sketches we present include that of the little Scottish Presbyterian Kirk, the parish church in the village of Crathie, at which the Queen and family constantly attend Divine worship. The ruins of the old church, and the adjacent graveyard, are shown in another Sketch. Her Majesty writes as follows, on Sunday, Oct. 29, 1854:—

“We went to kirk, as usual, at twelve o’clock. The service was performed by the Rev. Norman M’Leod, of Glasgow, son of Dr. M’Leod, and anything finer I never heard. The sermon, entirely extempore, was quite admirable; so simple, and yet so eloquent, and so beautifully argued and put. The text was from the account of the coming of Nicodemus to Christ by night; St. John, chapter 3. Mr. M’Leod showed in the sermon how we all tried to please self, and live for that, and in so doing found no rest. Christ had come not only to die for us, but to show us how we were to live. The second prayer was very touching; his allusions to us were so simple, saying, after his mention of us, ‘bless their children.’ It gave me a lump in my throat, as also when he prayed for ‘the dying, the wounded, the widows, and the orphans.’ Everyone came back delighted; and how satisfactory it is to come back from church with such feelings! The servants, and the Highlanders, all, were equally delighted.”

Here is another Crathie Church service:—“Oct. 14, 1855. To kirk at twelve o’clock. The Rev. J. Caird, one of the most celebrated preachers in Scotland, performed the service, and electrified all present by a most admirable and beautiful sermon, which lasted nearly an hour, but which kept one’s attention riveted. The text was from the twelfth chapter of Romans and the eleventh verse, ‘Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.’ He explained, in the most beautiful and simple manner, what real religion is; how it ought to pervade every action of our lives; not a thing only for Sundays, or for our closet; not a thing to drive us from the world; not a ‘perpetual moping over good books,’ but ‘being and doing good,’ ‘letting everything be done in a Christian spirit.’ It was as fine as Mr. M’Leod’s sermon last year, and sent us home much edified.”

We have spoken of the Queen’s kind visits to her humble neighbours, in which she was often accompanied by her daughters, the Princess Royal, Princess Louise, Princess Alice, Princess Helena, and latterly Princess Beatrice. The following is an early entry from her home Journal, Saturday, Sept. 26, 1857:—“Albert went out with Alfred for the day, and I walked out with the two girls and Lady Churchill, stopped at the shop, and made some purchases for poor people and others; drove a little way, got out and walked up the hill to Balmacroft, Mrs. P. Farquharson’s, and she walked round with us to some of the cottages, to show me where the poor people lived, and to tell them who I was. Before we went into any, we met an old woman, who, Mrs. Farquharson said, was very poor, eighty-eight years old, and mother to the former distiller. I gave her a warm petticoat, and the tears rolled down her old cheeks, and she shook my hands, and prayed God to bless me; it was very touching. “I went into a small cabin of old Kitty Kear’s, who is eighty-six years old—quite erect, and who welcomed us with a great air of dignity. She sat down and spun. I gave her also a warm petticoat; she said, ‘May the Lord ever attend you and yours, here and hereafter; and may the Lord be a guide to ye, and keep ye from all harm.’ She was quite surprised at Vicky’s height; great interest is taken in her.” (The Princess Royal, then not seventeen years of age, was just engaged to Prince Frederick William of Prussia.) “We went on to a cottage, formerly Jean Gordon’s, to visit old Widow Symons, who is ‘past fourscore,’ with a nice rosy face, but was bent quite double. She was most friendly, shaking hands with us all, asking which was I, and repeating many kind blessings: ‘May the Lord attend ye with mirth and with joy; may He ever be with ye



IRONWORK ON DOOR OF ABERGELDIE CASTLE, WITH INITIALS OF THE GORDON FAMILY.

was I, and repeating many kind blessings: “May the Lord attend ye with mirth and with joy; may He ever be with ye



BRONZE STATUE OF THE PRINCE CONSORT IN THE GROUNDS OF BALMORAL.

in this world, and when ye leave it.’ To Vicky, when told she was going to be married, she said, ‘May the Lord be a guide to ye in your future, and may every happiness attend ye.’ She was very talkative; and when I said I hoped to see her again, she expressed an expectation that she ‘should be called any day’; and so did old Kitty Kear.

“We went into three other cottages; to Mrs. Symons’s, daughter-in-law of the old widow living next door—who had an ‘unwell boy’; then across a little burn to another old woman’s; and afterwards peeped into Blair’s the fiddler’s. We drove back, and got out again to visit old Mrs. Grant (Grant’s mother), who is so tidy and clean, and to whom I gave a dress and handkerchief; and she said, ‘You’re too kind to me, you’re over kind to me; ye give me more every year, and I get older every year.’ After talking some time with her, she said, ‘I am happy to see ye looking so nice.’ She had tears in her eyes, and speaking of Vicky’s going, said, ‘I’m very sorry, and I think she is sorry herself’; and, having said she feared she would not see her (the Princess) again, said, ‘I am very sorry I said that, but I meant no harm; I always say just what I think, not what is fit’ (fit). Dear old lady; she is such a pleasant person.

“Really, the affection of these good people, who are so hearty and so happy to see you, taking interest in everything, is very touching and gratifying.”

Our Illustrations on the front page comprise a View looking up the valley of the Dee, from Craig-na-Ban, near Abergeldie; with the hamlet of Balmacroft and Tom-na-Croich, “the Hill of Hanging,” in the foreground; Balmoral Castle, the iron suspension bridge, and Crathie Church in the centre; and the hills of Braemar to the left hand in the distance. On the same page are Views of Loch-na-Gar, the Falls of Garrawalt, the cairn erected in memory of the Prince Consort on the top of Craig Lowrigan; and the church of Crathie, which is on the left bank of the Dee, nearly opposite Balmoral. In the old churchyard, at a short distance from the new church, are interred Mr. John Brown and other old servants of the Queen.

The Views shown in our last page of Engravings are that of the Royal Lodge at the Glass-alt Shiel (the Grey-brook Hut), at the upper end of Loch Muich; the view of Loch Muich, which is a sheet of water four or five miles long, discharging itself by the stream below, through Glen Muich, into the Dee near Ballater; Alt-na-giuthasach, or Altnaguisach, near the north end of Loch Muich, where the Prince of Wales has a shooting-lodge; Loch Dhu, “the Black Loch,” high in the mountains above Loch Muich, amidst bare granite rocks, without any trees or shrubs to relieve the desolate wildness of the scene;

and Abergeldie Castle, which is occupied by the Prince of Wales, and is situated on the Dee, about two miles below Balmoral. Abergeldie, which is held by his Royal Highness on lease from its proprietor, and which was at one time the residence of the Duchess of Kent, is a genuine specimen of the ancient Scottish feudal mansions. It presents to view a fine square tower, with surrounding angle-turrets, and with a clock and bell in the turret at the south-west corner. The loopholes for defensive warfare are a curious sign of antiquity; and one loophole, a long horizontal slit, about the height of a man from the ground, would have allowed considerable range in taking aim to shoot from inside. Our Artist’s Sketch was taken in the garden, and the river Dee flows on the right-hand side. The river was formerly crossed by a rope-and-cradle bridge at Abergeldie, but a suspension bridge has lately been erected. An old standing stone, near the road, in front of the Castle, is thought by some antiquaries to be connected with the adjudication of sentences of capital punishment, under feudal jurisdiction, upon criminals who suffered death on the “Hill of Hanging,” which is a quarter of a mile distant, and where a circle of stones exist to mark the ancient place of execution. The glory of Abergeldie is its fine birch-forest, which was celebrated in an old song, imitated by Burns in his more famous composition, with a slight change of the name to the “Birks o’ Abergeldy.”

There are beautiful woods of birch, likewise, around the Garrawalt Falls, in Ballochbuie Forest, which is near the border-line between Balmoral and Braemar. Each quarter of this region has its peculiar charms, affording great variety and contrasts of scenery. The Loch-na-Gar mountains, the highest peak of which attains an altitude of 3789 ft., are Byron’s “steep frowning glories,” the rocks “wild and majestic,” to which the beauties of lawn-like meadows and wooded hills seem “tame and domestic,” as on the verdant banks of the Dee, at Balmoral or Invercauld. A sterner-looking scene than Loch Dhu is scarcely to be found in this part of Scotland; there is a story, too, of the Duke of Edinburgh having once plunged into the ice-cold water, and swum off to fetch the body of a deer which he had shot, when the Highland gillies feared to attempt that feat of hardihood. The Prince Consort occasionally shot a deer, but was not a very adventurous hunter. The Queen tells, in her Journal of 1852, how she and “Vicky” were with him one day, when they saw a fine stag; his Royal Highness, having his rifle, jumped out of the carriage, fired and wounded the animal, which he followed and soon killed. The “cairn” erected by her Majesty on the top of Craig Lowrigan, near the Castle, is mentioned in her Journal of May 19, 1863 (“More Leaves from the Journal of a Life in the Highlands”). It is there described as “a fine sharp pyramid admirably constructed of granite without any mortar. The inscription is very well engraved and placed. There is a good path made up to the top of the hill.” The Queen had mentioned the building of this monument in a preceding entry, Aug. 21, 1862, which we will also transcribe:—

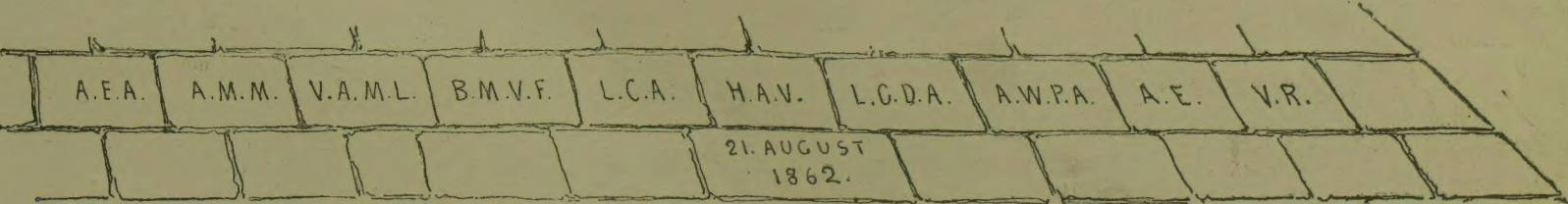
“At eleven o’clock, started off in the little pony-chair, drawn by the Corriemulzie pony, and led by Brown, with Bertie” (the Prince of Wales), “who had come over from Birkhall, on foot, and the two little boys, who joined us later, for Craig Lowrigan; and I actually drove in the little carriage to the very top, turning off from the path and following the track where the carts had gone. Grant and Duncan pushed the carriage behind. Sweet Baby (Beatrice) we found at the top. The view was so fine, the day so bright, and the heather so beautifully pink—but no pleasure, no joy! all dead!

“And here at the top is the foundation of the cairn, forty feet wide, to be erected to my precious Albert, which will be seen all down the valley. I and my poor six orphans all placed stones on it; and our initials, as well as those of the three absent ones, are to be carved on stones all round it.”



INSCRIPTION ON THE PRINCE CONSORT’S CAIRN, ON CRAIG LOWRIGAN.

Below, in the order in which they stand carved on separate stones of “The Prince’s Cairn” on Craig Lowrigan, as shown in our Artist’s drawing, are the initials of the Queen’s name and of the names of her nine children, to which we have appended their names in full:—



INITIALS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY ON THE PRINCE CONSORT’S CAIRN.

A. E. A.	A. M. M.	V. A. M. L.	B. M. V. F.	L. C. A.	H. A. V.	L. G. D. A.	A. W. P. A.	A. E.	V. R.
Alfred Ernest Albert.	Alice Maud Mary.	Victoria Adelaide Mary Louisa.	Beatrice Mary Victoria Feodora.	Louise Caroline Alberta.	Helena Augusta Victoria.	Leopold George Duncan Albert.	Arthur William Patrick Albert.	Albert Edward.	Victoria Regina.
(Duke of Edinburgh.)	(Grand Duchess of Hesse.)	(Crown Princess of Germany.)	(Princess Henry of Battenberg.)	(Marchioness of Lorne.)	(Princess Christian.)	(Duke of Albany.)	(Duke of Connaught.)	(Prince of Wales.)	(The Queen.)



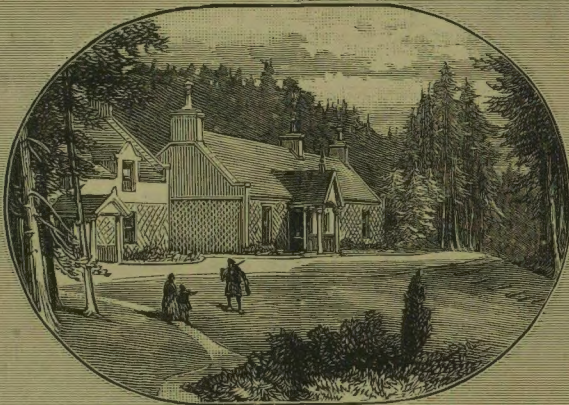
# THE QUEEN'S HIGHLAND HOME: BALMORAL.

ENGLISH HOMES, No. III.

1



3



2



4



5

1. The Glassalt Shiel, the Royal Lodge, near upper end of Loch Muich.  
2. Lóch Dhu ("Black Loch"), above Loch Muich.

3. Alt-na-Guithasach, Loch Muich, a shooting-lodge of the Prince of Wales.  
4. Loch Muich. 5. Abergeldie Castle, the Highland Home of the Prince of Wales.